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L. A. MARTIN.

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A Collection of Essays and Speeches

—BY—

L. A. MARTIN,

Author of "*Hallowe'en and Other Poems.*"

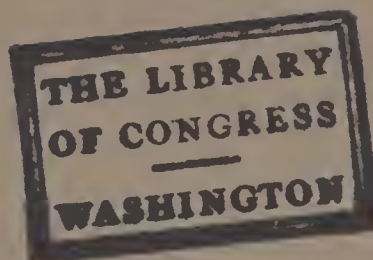
Schaffen und Streben ist Gottes Gebot,
Arbeit ist Leben, Nichtsthun der Tod.

—BENNEDY.

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DEDICATION



To My Good Friend,

Capt. William McIlwrath,

of Chillicothe, Mo.

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

with

the kindest regards and compliments

of

THE AUTHOR.



*Sic te Diva potens regat,
Et servet animæ dimidium mæ.*

—Horace.

Preface...

The virulence of unreasonable criticism, assails no one more cruelly, than he who makes his first step into the arena of letters. "He has written a book" is a shibboleth in the mouth of the derisive critic, and the force of this custom is so strong, that most young writers use their preface in making vain excuses for troubling the public with their various literary productions. Not passing upon the wisdom of this custom, I only say, that in my own case, I owe no apology to any one for the publication of this work. If it suit not the taste of critics, it is only a matter of personal likes and dislikes, and I have just as good a case before the Reader as they. I would suggest however that the purpose of literary criticism should be to discover that which is best in the writings of our home authors, that they may receive due commendation and encouragement in their efforts to win laurels in the noble field of letters. In this spirit I cheerfully invite all honest criticism to what ever is written on the pages of this book.

Most of the Articles contained in this work have been in print before in various newspapers and magazines. The one entitled "EDUCATION and AGRICULTURE," was read before the Missouri State Board of Agriculture at its meeting in Maryville, Mo., Oct. 20, 1890, and is published in the 23rd annual report of that body. The

Article entitled "THE NEW CHIVALRY" is a school oration. It has no special merit or originality in conception, except the name. In that designation I claim exclusive authorship. The noble profession of Teaching has received many names of eulogy and praise, but I know of none that more truthfully as well as poetically describes it as, "The New Chivalry. THE OLD YEAR, CHRISTMAS, and MEMORIAL DAY, were first written as Editorials for the Newspapers, and were published at the time they were written. In 1885, while I was engaged in teaching in country schools in this county I conceived the idea of writing an Educational novel, somewhat in order of Pestalozzi's LEONARD AND GERTRUDE. After I had written about a half a dozen chapters, I left off. The plan of the work was to start two children to school, and picture their educational growth and development according to the methods I have suggested in this work. The difficulty of keeping up an interesting romance, through the long and tedious reviews and repetitions that are characteristic of the work in our common schools was soon apparent. However the material I had collected for the work, and the ideas contained in those half dozen chapters were not lost. I made use of them in Educational addresses, and published them in Newspapers and School Journals, and at last condensed the whole into one Article which is herein entitled:—"WHAT SHOULD BE TAUGHT BOYHOOD AND GIRLHOOD AT SCHOOL." From this it was but a step, to follow up the destiny of my characters, who had just finished their work in school, and this produced "THE MANLY MAN AND THE WOMANLY WOMAN." The next step in their history produced "HONORED AGE," which with the exception of some changes and corrections was written in 1891, before I began the practice of Law. This work

therefore embodies my ideas on Education and teaching as gleaned from observation and experience, while engaged in that profession. How it will fare at the hands of that profession I do not know. There are some ideas suggested that they may not endorse. However in the spirit of CHIVALRY I commend them to their consideration, as well as to the public generally, knowing that this "NEW CHIVALRY" will as generously regard, and as loudly declare the merits of a comrade, as did the admirers of the plumed and iron-vestured champions, who won the laurels of the "OLD."

THE AUTHOR.



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An Old Year Reverie.

Dawn, Mo., December 31, 1890.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud the frosty light ;
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

—TENNYSON.



THE OLD YEAR.

There is an awful and real sadness in the contemplation of Time. Time—passing Time. Here for a moment, then gone forever. Upon this constant stream, there is no break, or division. No horologe can mark or put bounds to its constant and immutable flow. Yet man must rear his narrow bounds. He maps the stars, and rears above the pigmy platitudes of his own vision—a Universe. In like manner he places his measurements on Time's limitless stream. Since his advent on its wave, he has placed mile-stones along the surface, and tonight we pass one forever. The "Old Year" will soon be gone. Looking out toward the blue sky with its starlight and moonlight blending throughout a seeming endless immensity, there is a calmness and an assuring steadfastness on the face of nature, which seem to declare safe sailing to other mile-stones, yet to come. Then why is there a sadness especially at this hour? Ah! Love is stirred. Affection clings, fonder than the tendrils of vine, to the fleeting traces of our past selves. Dead—but in memories alive, Love ever mirrors to us the everlasting traces of our lost "might-have-beens," and we know, as we know our existence, that the closing year is the vanishing ship that bears many of them away—forever. Love weeps to see them go. Ah! Love, why so foolish? Thou in ancient Mythology deified, and in Romance pictured as the "Sylph-like Spirit" with the

silver bow, why do thy shafts pierce the heart on account of vain hopes that can never be. Why hast thou not some stoic Philosophy, since all humanity worships at thy shrine. Since Thou art the guardian of home and civilization, why couldst thou not build thy kingdom without heart pangs and reminiscent tears. Thou, the spirit that stands by the cradle and tunes the mother's lullaby,—that fires the lover's heart, crimsones the maiden's cheek and frets the tell-tale lines, as eyes fond, passion-lit, acknowledge the spark that words can never tell. All that is beautiful, all that is true, all that harmonize with soul and heart, all that makes man noble, all that cause breasts to heave and hearts to glow, spring from thy mystic fountain. Thy gladdest festival is bridal day and nuptial eve. With a smile, thou kissest the cheek of youth, and with a tear, the lips of Death. On the heart-throb land of sympathy and passion, star-lit with rosy-wreathed smile, or scorched with withering tear, thou holdest thy tender but all-powerful sway. Here Thou buildest an airy palace of hope, the arches diamond set, chevroned and linteled with emerald and sapphire. The topaz glisten. Within the lights burn and the fragrant air floats through the marble halls. Without the vines hang their red clusters, the lawns are verdant and the song birds, vocal in sweetest melody. And for what is all this? A heart is stricken—One passion look—one blush—one answering eye-sparkle—dreams—hopes—futura's drawn curtain—a maiden and a lover—a bride and a bridegroom—a home and a fireside all pictured in glowing panorama.—When, lo!—The Harpies' wings are heard. The dream is their carrion, and in disappointment's beak and claw the fairy hope is torn and lost forever, Yes, lost forever! And love looks weeping as the fading shadows go. Just as he looks tonight

on the last moments of the "Old Year," for he knows how many such hopes during its time were built, and how many were phantasies. How many dead "might-have-beens" go down the current with it never to return. And our hearts go with them, "far away, sailing a Vesuvian bay." "Old Year" dying in the night." What is that death? Who spreads the pall and folds the ceremonies ere the coffin close? At other deaths we see the palor, the crape, the pall, the procession and the open grave on the grass heath, where mother earth wombs in her bosom her returning children. The mound marks the place and some cenotaph gives the date. But where are the buried years? Where, through all the mighty Vast—from frosty Neptune to the North Star—from the Southern Cross to where passion-flamed Orion pursues the chaste Pleiades, and thence on to star clusters of lesser magnitude, circumventing the Milky Way, from shoreless Zenith to shoreless Nether,—where, throughout all can we find monument or inscription telling us, "here is a buried year?" Yet they are somewhere. There was a year, when Ilion's battle towers yielded to Helos, and the shields and bodies of her heroes floated down the Samoan wave. A year when the bantlings of the vestal Rhea were cast into the Tiber and a she-wolf heard their cry. A year, when a star flashed over Bethlehem's stable, and a babe was born that was cradled in a manger. A year when the Vandal hoofs of Alaric's soldiers trod victoriously the tombs of the Caesars. A year when Zingis Khan built his pyramid of human bodies. A year when Mohammed dreamed among the drifting sand hills of Arabia. A year when Columbus sailed from Palos and also when a Declaration of Independence was written. All these have left their marks and monuments, but what marks have those years?

Where have they found sepulture? Ah, dost thou not know? Hast thou not seen the bride and the bridegroom at the altar, when the vows were spoken? Vows that love originated, that had their growth in honor, and their ripening in mutual trust. They hold in their hearts a buried year. Hast thou not seen the babe, and the mother's joy, as she looked into his round blue eye, and white cherub face? And seen him after, in manhood, his strong proud step, his broad shouldered bearing, the grace of his manly brow, and the tenderness and kindness of his heart toward that now aged and feeble mother. Oh, when she leans on his manly breast and strong right arm, she holds in her heart a buried year. On the tombs of such years we strew the garlands of perennial blessing. But hast thou not seen the maid—pure of heart—innocent—modest as the dove, and timid as the fawn, with her wrapt soul beaming in her love-lit eyes. And hast thou not heard the tale of scandal, and looked on that face again, when the *rouge* had vanished, and in its place the sickly lines of sorrow stood—dire Harbingers of a broken heart? In its blasted and seered emotions she holds in her heart a buried year. And hast thou not seen the drunkard—the weeping wife, the hungry children, the shameless debauchee, and the fallen denizens of the haunts, where the sirens sing, and crime stalks like a Scylla at a Charybdis amid riot and ruin and sickning sin? They hold in their heart a buried year. But it is a year, that reeks with remorse, with the black shadow of desolation, whose memory is a fury, around whose waist the bunched serpents writhe and hiss, at whose feet the oozy slime is black and dank, in whose heart the worm and canker gnaw,, and from whose “horrid hair” shakes suffering and sin. As with individuals, it is so with nations. In their heart of hearts the

buried years are either an Oases fountain or an Upas ooze. And so it will be with "this year" now "dying in the night." In the mystic picture land of thought and reminiscence, its monument will be for the races either a joy or a curse, and for each and all of us, as its days went with us, either a smile or a tear. On the niches of Old Time it will soon take its place shelved forever. But on the heart, scarred by a blighted, yet fondly cherished hope, its dying is even now too long. So let its knell be rung.

"Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out wild bells and let him die."





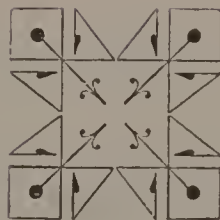
A Christmas Reverie.

December 31, 1889.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring ;
For so the holy Sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

—MILTON.

Hymn of the Nativity.



CHRISTMAS.

It is strange, though simple, that an eternity may be in store for the humblest of mankind. That some little act, some word may echo through the oncoming ages, louder than the thunderbolts of war, louder than the clarion trumps of fame, louder than the convulsed groan of a riven world when nations die. No rule or precedent marks the path to immortality. There was nothing remarkable in that departure of Joseph, a poor carpenter of Nazareth, and his wife Mary, for their native city, Bethlehem. They left as did thousands of others, to obey the Caesar's mandate. Nor was there anything remarkable in their arrival, when footsore and weary, they sought hospitality and found none. It was the most commonplace occurrence of that day. The world has always known the homeless, and looked upon the unpitied poor. During that night, the world slept, reveled, sinned or sorrowed, as was wont. Yet that night, there flashed athwart the sky a mighty star, and the wizards of the East sought the new born Emmanuel, while Judean shepherds beheld a mighty multitude of angels singing: "Glory be to God in the highest, and on Earth, peace to to men.

Peace to men! What did that strange utterance mean? Was there peace when Racheals wept, and the land of Judea, ran red with the blood of innocents? Peace, when the rabble shouted, "Barabbas! away with this man!" Peace, when on Calvary the Sun hid his face, and victorious Death tore the spirit from the hacked

and bruised body of the Lamb of God? Peace, when Stephen was murdered, and Saul started for Damascus? Peace when the persecutions of the Caesars burst forth—the reddest narrative of cruelty and crime, when a Nero, an Elagabalus, a Severus, a Diocletian, a Maximinian wore the purple? Peace, in gladiatorial arenas, in the Catacombs, in the Dacian forests, among the mountains of Thrace, on Syrian sands—when everywhere persecuted, outlawed, unprotected, without rights or privileges, the Christians endured the first three hundred years of their existence? Peace when Rome fell, and became the “Niobe of Nations?” Peace, in the red battle fires, and Pillaged cities of the wandering Goths and Huns? Peace, during the Dark Ages, when learning was almost destroyed, and Europe was one mighty battle field of marauding nations, carving place for empire with the sword? Peace, when the world trembled at the approach of Mohammed, who, with sword and Koran, had overrun all the beautiful seats of Christian civilization in Asia Minor, Spain and Gaul? In the face of all these scenes of blood, it is indeed pertinent to ask: What did that “peace to men” mean? Yet there was “peace.” “Peace,” even amid the havoc blaze of battle, and around the bivouacs of the tented fields. Ere this time, life was but the hurried transit between two eternities—birth the beginning and death the end. Ere this time, no chart had marked the way to that “unknown country” where hope weighs anchor to learn the secrets on the “other shore.” No starbeam had as yet penetrated the dread “beyond.” All noble aspirations, all grand efforts of character and genius, all deeds of large-hearted love and sympathy, were but the ephemeral jet flames of a day. All was over in a farewell, a last look, a folded shroud, and a grave. But now a change! A “new morn” had

risen on an endless night. A star had shown in the East, and its beams had penetrated the dreamless moorlands of the tomb, and mirrored beyond that lone, ghastly worm carnival, the day of RESURRECTION.

One notice, given by the sacred historian to that grand character, whose birth today we celebrate, is one not often mentioned, and yet it is the grandest of all. It is that wherever he went he was deeply loved by the "common people." Ah that meant something in that day of lawless might. The "common people" were the victims of every cruelty and oppression. Of no consideration in an age, when government meant extortion, and ambition scrupled at nothing; when debtors were slaves of creditors, and were bought and sold like sheep in the market, when confiscation and decimation were periodical as the seasons, when justice was a sham and a mockery, it must have been indeed welcome to hear from the lips of One whom "even the winds obeyed," the bold figurative lessons of the BROTHERHOOD and EQUALITY of MAN. And it is here that we find the turning point in the civilization of the world. All prior civilizations were failures. They originated in might, developed in cruelty and greed, and decayed in licentiousness and lust. But with him is a New Era. Blind Justice holds the scales. The potent monarch, the powerful prince, the persecuted bondsman, and the purchased slave are all equally amendable to law, —THE DIVINE LAW OF HUMAN RIGHTS. And though philosophers may elaborate, and charlatan deny, agnostic doubt and cynic ridicule, this grand Nineteenth century civilization, with its pregnant possibilities leaping into life, is only the result of the teaching of that Wonderful Seer, who "walked the seas of Gallilee" of old, who went through the world doing good to all mankind, and was so deeply loved by the common people.

But besides this principle of Equality, he taught a code of Ethics the purest and most far-reaching in its application to mankind. Before its rigorous virtue the enervating philosophy of Epicurus gave way. When licentiousness had destroyed the last vestige of the grand characters of Rome's heroic days, when polygamy and concubinage were universal, when women were everywhere degraded on a level with the brute, and were slaves to the passions and cruelties of men, when slavery was universal in its most hideous form, when all the arts—music, poetry, painting and sculpture, had been degraded, or existed only as a means to give sensuous gratification to lust and desire, when every household was where slaves toiled, and the master's lash was heard, when the world seemed to have forgotten purity and chastity; it was then that this One selected twelve timid uneducated fishermen, who washed their nets in the Sea of Gallilee. For three years he taught them in his own school, and on leaving, breathed into them his spirit, and they spoke with Pentecostal tongues. What they taught the world had never heard. Slavery was antagonized, polygamy ceased to exist, virtue and purity were canonized, honesty, mercy, patience, self-sacrifice, charity, generosity and benignity were inculcated every where. Woman was raised to an equality with man, and as wife and mother of his children, was to be cherished and honored as an angel of love in the fireside realm of *Home*. And above this, there was a promise, that when life was done, when the sunset was fading on life's vanishing day, there would be a safe journey across the wide sea of eternity to the havens of rest in the "MANY MANSIONED" HOME. Surely, surely, that song had a meaning: "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth, peace to men."

Memorial Day.

Dawn, Mo., May 30, 1890.

Wherever the brave have died,
They should not rest apart ;
Living, they battled side by side,
Why should the hand of Death divide
A single heart from heart ?

—FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN.



MEMORIAL DAY.

We meet to-day upon the hallowed land of reminiscent love, fraternity and patriotism. We raise a memorial altar to our hero dead. We pour the libations of our tears, and offer for sacrifice the fairest flowers of our fields and gardens. How sweet their fragrance! It seems that Nature and mankind put on their kindest presence to grace this Memorial Day. Doubtless Nature shares with man the love for the noble and the brave. "It is sweet and glorious to die for our country," wrote the poet, Horace, two thousand years ago. This sentiment may have been uttered long prior to that time. It still throbs in the human heart, lives in human affection, burns in the human soul, and directs the hand that lays in love the memorial garlands upon the hero's grave. This is a day of requiems.

The surviving comrades of that mighty conflict, accompanied by a grateful and loving people, in slow procession, journey to the place where the dust of their dead heroes sleep. What a sacred place is the regions of the dead? Who will carelessly tread upon a grave? Hate may have divided, Prejudice may have sown dissension, Ignorance may have ridiculed, Cruelty may have inflicted pain and suffering, Affection may have worn the weeds of disappointment, but it all ends when the heart is cold. The dead know not of tears. Their presence never disturb the denizens of this silent,

peaceful place. The grave is the land of everlasting forgiveness. It is where all is forgiven and forgotten. Men war to the death, but there their vengeance cease. There the hand red with the foeman's blood, will strive to stanch the flow, and that when vain, will give kind sepulture with sincere and sorrowing tears. Strange being man, ever treading the shadowy brink of love and hate. In love and generous emulation, he praises to-day the foe, that yesterday, thirsted or battled for his blood. Inspired by hate, his soul kindles at the conflict, and he commemorates in song of glory the cruel deeds of War. Cruel War,—Moloch-visaged, waged in brimstone flame, the grim monster of pestilence and slaughter, his locks crimsoned in heart's blood, dyed in the havoc shriek and "Dance of Death." Why should his deeds awaken song of glory? Why should his graves be garlanded with our garden's fairest flowers? Is it not a votive tribute upon the Altar of Cruelty and Hate? Ah, no! It is not that. It is not a religio-barbaric war worship that these memorial rites adorn. Nor is it the phantom termed glory that awakens the tribute. It is the inherent, untaught, unpictured outburst of feeling, heart feeling, that has lived and throbbed in the hearts of every race, the true hero-worship which love awards to the memory of the noble and the brave. Love clings to the sod, beneath which rest the ashes of a nation's heroes. How sad that some have unknown graves? The brave should not so rest;

"Wherever the brave have died,
They should not rest apart;
Living, they battled side by side,
Why should the hand of Death divide
A single heart, from heart."

But such is their fate. The bravest sleep in graves,—

unmarked and unknown. Far from their home. Far from their comrades who battled beside them, they sleep by thousands, unknown and unrequiemed. But Love can not forget them. They too are sought, and over the graves of all, both the known and the unknown, tenderly the hand of Love strews to-day the memorial garlands, sweet tributes to the brave,—the nation's heroes,—our "Deathless Dead."

The holiest and grandest attribute of human character is to be brave;—brave in all things,—brave in duty,—brave in business,—brave in love,—brave in peace and brave in war. The highest encomium that can be said of living man is, that "he is, in all things, brave." The proudest epitaph that can adorn monument or memorial shaft is, "He was brave." To-day we meet to do honor to heroes that were brave, brave in war, brave in times thrice dreadful—brave when the nation's existence was trembling in the balance, and the old flag, wreathed with the laurels of three conquests, was a hostile ensign among the very people that gave it half its stripes and some of its proudest stars—brave when the sons of the Palm and the Pine were marshalled in hostile front, and bivouac's blaze and the muster tattoo were the heralds of that fratricidal conflict, the fiercest in the history of man. Then were they brave. We rejoice to-day in the glorious results of their labors. We spread memorial garlands above their graves. But not in the spirit of boastful triumph do we to-day honor the heroic dead, whose struggles resulted in a nation once more reunited. No, we bestow our memorial tributes in a nobler spirit than that of boasting victory. We, only in the sweet mementoes of love, honor our hero dead, whether they fell in the flush of victory or in the gloom of defeat. We lay the garlands on their graves, which tell in the mystic

symbol speech of love, the abiding affection we have in our hearts for our country's brave defenders. And is not such proper? We build Mausoleums to the illustrious. The poet's song is his monument. The discoverer leaves his name in the newly found continents, rivers or islands. The Astronomer writes his name among the stars. In every pursuit of peace or war, achievement signalizes the actions of the great, and secures their names in posterity's care. But what mark or shaft memorial commemorates the unknown thousands who in the trying time of this great internecine conflict were not deaf to Duty's call? What pageant, what scroll emblazoned stands unveiled to honor their names? What guerdon has a reunited land for the unknown dead who perished by thousands on the blood-slacked fields from Menassas to Appomattox? In the flush of manhood they were cut down. No ministering hand was near. No eye of love or friend looked in theirs ere they glassed for the grave. No sweet fireside voice of the "olden time" whispered cheering admonition, as the scarred breast heaved its last, as the bronzed hand fell tensionless, and the stout soldier form, war-wasted and work-worn, yielded up its unconquered spirit in death. There ended their labors. Their dying eyes mirrored the stars of night. Their last happy look on earth was upon the old flag, star-jeweled and glory wreathed, the emblem of right, liberty and law. In the mad glamor of victory that flag, they cheered and praised. In the still hour of death, that flag they loved and blest. It was glory to follow it, it was grand to fight for it, it was holy to die for it. Thus thousands, unnamed,—uncounted and unknown died,—the blood-slacked heath their death bed,—the sky their canopy, the grass,—dew-wet to bathe their fevered brows,—their set faces, wearing the sol-

dier's unrelenting frown,—their “feet to the foe” and their breasts to the stars. For each, far away in some pleasant rural home was a fireside,—lone and desolate. It was there the warrior's last thoughts rested. He thought of the hands he had rung at parting, of the children whose grief could not be stayed, of the wife who clung to his neck in a clasp “that would not break” till he pushed her away, and with emotion struggling betwixt love and duty, he had left them then, and marched away “to do and die.” But was that to be the end? Were their names and deeds to perish with that grim unrequiemed burial? Ah, no! The nation cannot forget her benefactors, nor can freedom her saviours. In their honor we garland their graves. And as each recurring Spring repeats the memorial tributes it is a pledge of perpetuity that—

They will live and be loved
In the hearts of the bold,
Their names in eternity lie.
And voices immortal their deeds shall unfold
In songs that never can die.

But, while we wreath in tenderest love, the graves of our hero dead, who were loyal to the old flag, our requiems speak not one censure against the bold, noble hearts who battled against them, though in vain. The heroes of a conquered land are still heroes, though in defeat. The heroes of South-land, who battled so bravely in their cause, were not disloyal to the Union of the states. No, they fought for that Union as they understood it, and also as their fathers understood it. That struggle was the final and necessary arbitration of a great question that divided the nation from its beginning. Scarcely had the fiery baptism of blood ended in 1783, when that great question arose to divide hearts cemented by the comradeship of blood and battle during seven dreadful

years. It was the threatening Specter in our country's history. In all its councils it rose menacingly, as a dreadful aegis spreading terror in its shadow and shaking from its "horrid hair pestilence and war." It could only be settled by the sword. Before that dreadful tribunal the heroes of South-land cast everything that life held dear, and sealed their devotion with their life-blood. They were ever a valiant foe, worthy of their steel. We would wrong the memory of our own brave heroes, to harbor aught of ungenerous sentiment against the gallant dead, that struggled against them with as noble a devotion to their principles, as ever inspired the soul of man "to do and die." Nor can we forget that that struggle was a war between brothers;—and that the Harpy Dissension made enemies of hearts around which Love had woven his most sacred folds, by the peaceful glow of fireside, or mid the patter of boyish footfalls neath the family roof-tree in childhoods' sunny day. That in that struggle "hearts broke off that ought to twine." So thus, with tears for both, the friend and foe, and censure for none, for both may have erred, but with generous love for all, we spread our sweet memorial wreaths with kind, impartial hand above the graves of all, no matter whether friend or foe, desiring only in fraternal hero-worship to remember all, for all were brave. All did honor to their cause. All by their heroism immortalized American valor. We will cherish their deeds, and their names shall be the inspiration of heroism in all time. On the graves of all, whether the victor or the vanquished, we bestow our memorial wreaths. Their heroic devotion for principle will keep ever alive an "zeal for freedom and a love for country." Thus over the chasm of fierce dissension past, we on this bright memorial day clasp hands in the spirit of Brotherhood and Love. Such is the holy rite we solemnize.

We honor the brave, whether of North or South. O'er the grave of both we place our impartial garlands, for both are the dead heroes of our common country. To both, in the inspired verse of O'Hara, we give the heroes' benediction as we wreath their graves.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave ;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave ;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps. •





The New Chivalry.

Spoken in the Chapel of Missouri University, Feb. 11, 1888.

They lay down to rest with corselets laced,
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard ;
They carved at the meal with gloves of steel,
And quaffed the red wine through helmets barred.

—WALTER SCOTT.



THE NEW CHIVALRY.

Man is a child, cut adrift upon the great Ocean of living thought. Dangers beset him everywhere. Each hour has its struggle, whose closing moments, bring to him either a victory or a defeat. Born for fight marshalled in the discipline of suffering, inured to the hardships of disappointment, skilled in the dexterity of effort, at last he steps forth upon the arena of life, to take his place in the Valhalla of heroes, the tried champion, the warrior bold. From the fields of strife, he hopes to leave on the historic page, the record of a fame bravely won, urned in the shining tinsel that adorns a name. This was the ambition of heroes in the past. It is the same to-day. It is still a living and severe truth, that life is battle. That he, who triumphs, must still have the heart that burns with high hopes, the eye that kindles at the conflicts, the soul that dares the bravest, and triumphs or falls as the heroic Douglas,—

“When dead above the heart of Bruce
The heart of Douglas lay.”

The field of this conflict is between two eternities; the future, raven winged night; the past, the reeking battle field of nations, in which, here and there, as the smoke clears by the light of History, we see the grappling hosts, the rent corselets and hear the battle groans. Man's story is but the havoc tale of war. But

war has fulfilled a true mission. It is the warlike spirit that is the spirit of progress. To the banner of martial strife, proud Fame points the exulting finger, and says, "Behold the Great." Nor is that a boast. Around that banner legioned valor mustered her countless hosts, and the noblest men of earth have won the hero's crown beneath the crimson folds. "The soldier is our Saviour," was ever the creed of nations. During the first thousand years of her existence, Christianity never doubted this fact. On the contrary, she affirmed it, and bestowed her holiest blessings upon the warrior brave. This gave rise to Chivalry. But Chivalry softened not the stern frown of war, it rather deepened the wrinkles by bringing long practiced discipline to the aid of impetuous valor. That she failed was not because her purpose was false. Chivalry was a truth, but a truth mistaken. The purpose was that purpose which the great and good of all times have followed:—to aid the weak, to repel the strong and to make throughout the world happiness grow and misery decline. Her code of honor was the most just the world has ever seen, embracing that high respect for superior, that reverential devotion to "lady fair," which poets have so beautifully sung and cynics have not despised. In earth's darkest hour she was the devoted offspring of chaste, honor and ennobling virtue. But the tender promptings of honor, and the timid pleading of virtue could not hold sway against the debasement of indolence and licentious might. So her day of decline came. Her high purpose, her noble conceptions, her poetical spirit,—all sank like the autumnal leaves into the grave of absolute failure on account of a mistaken means. This, when naught but disappointment came from the death couch of expiring Chivalry, was recognized; and mankind saw that the ideal of hu-

man happiness could not spring from the reeking fields of war. For, when nations had ceased to wander, when they discovered the fact that their purpose was something, aught besides being the brigands of the Universe, when swords hung rusting in the halls of inaction, and the battle torch was changed for the hearth-stone's flame—when visions of peace dawned upon the warrior's soul, it was then and there recognized that ere long the world's battles must be waged on the broad and free field of THOUGHT.

To fight the world's battles upon this field, rose what may be justly called the New Chivalry. Her weapon was not the sword, guided by the dextrous art of arms, but reason guided by that finest of the fine arts—the art of doing good. Her purpose was that of the Old Chivalry,—the emancipation of the world. At the dawn of her existence she recognized the fact, that this is a sublimely beautiful world. Too beautiful to be desecrated by the rabid hand of violence, which throws the destinies of mankind into the merciless balance of angered might. So beautiful, that it should be a place for mighty nations to rest in one universal brotherhood of peace. With this object as her goal, and hallowed Duty as her guide, this New Chivalry urged her conquests, and chose her knights, her heroes, and her kings. But not of that spirit which seeks high name in titled praise, by the humblest of all names have they been known;—men call them “TEACHERS.” They are in the truest sense the “New Chivalry.” They are the New Chivalry because it is they, who have snatched from the grave of buried knighthood the motto: Honor and virtue must yet rule.” They are the New Chivalry because the defence of the world from the chaos of Anarchy, and the mornless night of Atheism lies in their hands. Is there

a fear in any heart that this defence is weak? "We are safe," says the old Spartan king;—"The Spartan soldiers are at the walls." This was an expression, which came from a consciousness of tried valor. Yet with the same exulting consciousness, it can be truly said tonight, "We are safe countrymen, our country's soldiers are at the walls." At the walls in seminaries and colleges,—sending forth their disciplined legions, each to be a recruiting centre to gather his followers, and extend the intellectual battle against wrong. At the walls in lonely rural districts, where their toilsome life is passed, without a whisper of praise loud as the fall of the withered leaf. At the walls in heathen lands breaking the torpor of centuries of superstition and idolatry, and scattering, like the sunbeams, the fadeless bloom of truth. At the walls,—the teacher, the soldier;—the victory, culture;—the banner, honor,—and the motto, "Peace."

It was a beautiful principle of the Old Chivalry, that the homage paid to woman was the highest—the most endearing,—and better still, it was true. With all the superciliousness that characterized the typical knight, woman was to his spirit the "morning star." She was to him a vestal being, tender as the vine-bloom, that it was the highest sanctity of honor to protect and defend. But this was all. This was her limit,—an inflexible and unyielding limit. She had all devotion, but it was a devotion won by a winning smile. She was never the hero. Only man was hero, and when her hero was fallen, she could but weep. This was the mistake. Woman's purpose never was to be a being, remote from man, even in the most trying hours of gloom. She was by his side in that frenzy of patriotic despair, when the death moan of fated Carthage rose with the crackling flames

of burning habitations, and rebound the broken bows with her plucked locks, to hurl shafts on the cohorts of Rome. By his side in the French Revolution, showing in that frenzy of Cimmerian chaos, that if man could die as became a king, she could die as became a queen. By his side whenever there was a sweet undiluted joy to share, or a crushing heart pang pleading kindness to mingle tear with tear. So with him today, in this great intellectual battle, she is still the morning star in honor's sky, with the added tribute,—she is hero too. And what lands have not awarded her the "Olive Wreath?" There is not a race of earth, but, when scrolling the names of its true heroes upon fame's pinnacle, must write upon the highest arch—"Woman as teacher." Nor while thus urging with might and main the heaven-born light of knowledge, has she lost one spark of that inspiring tenderness, that bewitching loveliness, which the Old Chivalry adored. Only with added lustre beam they forth. Woman as teacher fulfills the climax of her mission. She strives but to win, and wins but to save.

It is a remarkable fact of History,—that whenever a brave people are conquered, their fate between race extinction and existence lies in their schools. The school is the last bulwark, the teacher—the captain who brings up the forlorn hope to fill in the scattered lines, and rally the broken hosts. So was it with the Jews. When torn from their native land again and again, and at last without a hope of ever returning, their high priest and nobility chained to the chariot wheels of all conquering Titus, one could but think: "The race of Abraham is no more." But the Jew took his defeat as the brave, when disarmed and shackled. He studied, he founded schools. And, though, exiled, his has become an intellectual peo-

ple, whose unconquered patriotism burns but warmer after the lapse of ages, and nurtures yet the fond hope of a united race, while they sigh as their ancestors in Egyptian exile sighed for Jerusalem, "The Hely," for the valleys of Judea and the rugged sea-washed shores of Galilee. Likewise was it with Prussia when over her land swept the invincible legions of one, whom men called "The child of Destiny." Before him rose populous cities, fields golden with ripening grain, and habitations of peace. Behind him—black ruin, heaps of ashes slacked in blood. The nation of Frederick the Great fell from her high prestige. Her poets sang the wail of her departed glories. Only a whisper, coming now and then across the waters, telling us that Prussia "was experimenting in Education," could we hear of that once warlike people. But think not this "experimenting" was weakening the hardy valor of her warlike sires. No, she was but "as the eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her eye in the mid-day beam," that she might wing her flight undazzled to heights where pinions never dared to climb. Imperial Austria sought to check her flight. Two words—Koniggratz and Sadowa, answer in sepulchral tones where her hosts went down before this young Hercules of nations. France, flushed with victory, attempted the same. In six months time, her eagles were trailing in the dust, her empire overthrown, and she, in the presence of the world, pleaded the mercy of this nation, that had been "experimenting in Education." This "Experimenting" is the light-orb of intellectual strength, the polar star of perpetuity, and the beacon light of progress. The nation that so experiments writes perpetuity on her banner. Ask Egypt, ask Rome, whose proudest monuments now crumble 'neath the ghastly teeth of ruin, where and

why their glories faded? How short is the answer—

“The sword is mighty but a day:
Thoughts eternal empire sway.”

Had the pyramids been schools, their very shadow would have kept eternal the spirit of ancient grandeur and power, and the Nile valley would today be the classic land of earth, instead of that waste, to which the traveller comes to view the mighty mausoleums of a barbarian dead. Had those proud galleys,—cutting the briny main with the ensigns of the Caesars floating from the mast-heads, borne from the “Eternal City” to the provinces, legions of able educators, and not bands of maurauding soldiers;—Virgil’s prophecy would doubtless have been fulfilled, “Old Rome would have terminated, her Empire with the ocean and her fame with the stars.”

But it is easy to stand upon the ashes of the dead, while they slumber in their voiceless urns unable to give a negative whisper, while we say what could have been. Not so easy is it to say what will be. But it is the lesson of all History, that, “As nations become intellectual, they become peaceful.” And at this hour, while the intellectual progress of our country makes her the miracle of nations, and the races of earth look not to other lands as hostile shores, can we not discern some “gray lines” fretting the future sky,—true harbingers of a glorious day? A day when Rachels shall no more weep, and men shall no more battle beneath the flouting banners of death? When this New Chivalry will be an adequate defence against all violence, by reason of her broad liberal humanity, and high principles of honor, and the nations will adjust all difficulties ‘neath the rainbow-embroidered and star-woven BOW OF PEACE? When the lessons of the past will be reversed, and mankind will fire

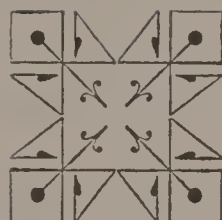
the farewell salute over the grave of wrinkled-browed War? Methinks I see the day. A New Civilization dawning on our sight, while the memories of war and bloody renown sink into the depths of mornless night, like the fading stars falling slowly in the West, throwing back a few sighful twinkles for ways forgotten and glories departed, but persuading the sun to rise, and scatter undimmed his glory throughout the World—the glory of lasting—UNIVERSAL PEACE.



The Old Education and the New.

Written in May, 1888, at Columbia, Mo.

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
—LORD BYRON.



THE OLD EDUCATION AND THE NEW.

The superficial writers and thinkers of this day are continually speaking of the New Education. The knowledge of the ancients they denominate the "Old Education," and the wonderful developement of the knowledge of the ancients in our day they style "the New." Such theory asserts an impossible law of growth. It links to the cradle the idea of age, and turns the dotage sneer upon Education's stormy morning, and hails it now as new-born, when it blazes at its noon. In truth there never was an "Old Education," nor is there a "New." Education is not a complexus of methods, and theories, invented from time to time, but the practical result of all intellectual effort, put forth by man, since the morning of his existence, when with hopes, gorgeous as an autumn sunset, he started on the long, untried pilgrimage of progress. Its growth at different times, has had various accelerations. It has never been a dazzling sunburst, leaping from misty twilight into glorious day, but ever the slow, majestic march of mankind's grandest idea to its honored goal. The apostles of this new Education, fix the date of its incarnation some time during Renaissance, or about the beginning of the 16th century. They speak of Education being extinguished, and of the torpidity of all intellectual improvement during the dark Ages. Then unheralded, and unexpected, like a sunrise at midnight, their "New Education" flashed over

the world, glorious as a rainbow and resplendent as a star. Was such the case? Is the rapturous praise, which they bestow upon their intellectual goddess, due to a being of 16th century birth? What says History?

The History of the world gives, and not unjustly, to Education the coward part. Though pictured as a goddess, and sung in enraptured strain by minstrel, bard and priest, she has nevertheless wooed repose in the wake of the conquerer. She never had permanent place among the fallen. Though peace was her element, she lived beneath a sword, and behind the strong ramparts, reared by the hand of conquering valor, she built her proudest edifices. The convulsions of war, and the groan of dying races, never disturbed her, till the horrors mantled her favorite seat, and then she fled. Nor turned she back again, to that scene of desolation, where yet her true votaries wooed her well. Once was her abode in the Nile valley, but in hour of misfortune she imagined a safer hold among the beatling headlands, and mountains of Greece, and thither she fled. But again in hour of disaster, Rome offered her safer refuge, and thither she took her flight. For five hundred years she smiled on Latium's race, but again came destruction, and again was flight. Thus has Education ever been a wandering light, radiating its transcendent glories behind the shadows of conquering shields. Two things in the past, as in the present, has given it life and development:

(1.) Security.

(2.) Association.

The security of a nation from overthrow, the possession of a strong substantial government, is vital to the growth and development of Education. This accounts for the slow growth from the fall of Rome to the begin-

ning of the 15th century. When that mighty collapse of progress appalled the world, it was not the earthquake ruin, the blaze of torches, the reeking blood of senators, murdered in their seats, that made the devotee of civilization tremble. Staring him in the face, in bolder prominence than the black charred palaces of Rome, was a world to be recivilized, a work of a thousand years:—five hundred to tame the Northland blood of Goth and Hun, and five hundred more to turn their fierce, ruthless energy to the nobler pursuits of peace.

The rise of Islam, while it shook the nations of Europe to their centre, forced an association of races, from which has developed the international commerce of the present day. From that Association, Europe learned the advantage of consolidated governments, over the brigand ravages of the feudal tribes. It was not the rescue of a crumbling tomb, that was the full dream of that Apollo-voiced orator, Peter the Hermit. No, above the Moloch-visaged havoc, which his genius inspired, he, doubtless saw the shimmer of a glorious future, when those races, then for the first time “shoulder to shoulder” allies, “baptized in blood” should from the mournful memory learn mutual trust and love. The unburied thousands strewn on Tuscan sands and Syrian moors, could not shake that dream. There where those hosts sank by the Harpy-tooth of death, the races of Europe learned their mutual valor; and from that valor learned esteem. They learned the advantages of race intermingling with race in the pursuits of trade, and from that date, we see them uniting more and more in the bonds of commerce. Rome, the centre of pilgrimage, during the Dark Ages aided this Association of races, and the ensign of culture was the pilgrim’s staff. But this Association could not, of itself, develope a strong, vigorous

race—Education. The timid goddess would not smile, while the sword, to-day bright, might be tomorrow broken. While the arms of Islam thundered beneath the walls of Viena, and over the hilltops of the round world, the first morning sunbeams, kissed the warlike crescent, while later beams touched the Cross buried in the hazes of fleeting twilight, Education stood in fearful quandary, whether to make her central seat at Mecca or at Rome. Both races had the incentive, "Association," but where was "*Security*"? This boon was contested on many a bleeding field. At last the Cross rose triumphant. The defeated Crescent grimly withdrew. By this defeat, the permanency of European civilization was established, and the Discovery of America by Columbus following, almost ere the last salute over conquered Islam had died away in Pentecostal echoes of smoke and fire, a mighty impetus was given to Association. The Reformation following shortly, this spirit of Association was increased in a wonderful degree, by the zeal of proselyters to win votaries to their opposing creeds. Security established, and Association of races thus intensified a hundred fold, can we wonder, that at this time a great revival of intellectual activity astonished the world, and Education the timid goddess, trembling for a thousand crimsoned years in fearful disquiet and anxiety, should at last take up her abode among the consolidated nations of Europe?

It is true her welcomed presence was like a flash of glory in the dark, and the enraptured world bedazzled, called the wonder "A new created light." But whosoever views the crumbling monuments of buried Empires, and reads the songs of bards, and the utterances of sages, who as seers for all time, spoke nobly the truth in the most bedarkened ages of that raven-shrouded past, might ask, "What is New"? What science, what philosophy,

what principles, what code of ethics have we to-day to which we can point, and say, behold the new-created wonder which our fathers never knew? Have we such a wonder? Or are all improvements in Education merely elaborations of old theories and principles, hallowed by the gray fingers of Time, and conceived, though in miniature state, in the hoary days of Old, while yet the gods loved the companionship of the young human race and Jehovah's cloud of flame led his exiled children home. Is the science of Astronomy "New"? With eye unglassed, scanning the misty sky-vault upon its pillars of fadeless blue, the ancient Chaldean read true story in the stars. Is the sciences of Geometry, Mensuration and Navigation "New"? The Pyramids front the North Star, the streets and walls of Old Damascus bespeak the engineer's craft, and the Phenician Galleys, helmless, were fearless on the wave. Is the science of Physical Culture New? "A beautiful soul in a beautiful body" was the Athenian motto. Nor are the principles of liberty and justice modern-born. Old, as the great round Earth, their voice guided mankind in times more hoary than the record of bard or sage. Old, when Marathon and Luctra were fought,—Liberty and Justice but repeated themselves at Bunker Hill and Yorktown. The nobler instincts of the heart, high filial respect, love of home, reverence of duty, honor and chastity were practiced and commended long before the Revival of Learning. There were even practices in the most distant past, that no true heart can behold, but must exclaim, "Would they were now"! In the Pharaoh's Empire, the tottering form of age never craved for shelter or kindness, a king would notice a shepherd's gray hairs, and "in Sparta, it was a pleasure to grow old." Nor were the Dark Ages a sunset hour of intellectual growth. There were even

then in every land, noble, self-sacrificing hearts laying the foundations of a broad world embracing culture, unappalled by the martial tramp of migrating races, carving place for empire with the sword. Baeda, Cuthbert, and Edmund Rich were in their day as earnest and self-sacrificing for the promotion of Education as Pestalozzi and Horace Mann in theirs. Nor were the teachers efforts unappreciated in those times. The history of the world has not a more striking example of respect paid to teacher, than that furnished by the Great Charlemagne, where he, the monarch of united Europe with the nobles and vassals of his kingly sway, was seated at the feet of the English monk Alcuin, hearing his instructions with all the earnest zeal and respect of the true seeker after knowledge.

The boast of the Revival of Learning is the cultivation and development of the Vernacular languages among the Germanic nations. But this course of Education was historic before that date. Long before the green valleys of Italia gladdened the rapacious heart of the sturdy Goth, some nameless Homer sung of hero, nobler than Achilles, while his great Northland heart was as susceptible to the touch of pity as violet's cheek to drop of dew. As a representative of the lofty grandeur and beautiful simplicity of the true English character Boewulf has never been surpassed. Yet every sentence of this magnificent Epic is in as pure vernacular, as the first words of Wodin when he left his Northland snows. In Germany the songs of Nieberlung bear the marks of no Latin invader. But, not only in their migratory days, did the Germanic nations cultivate their own speech. Even when the grasping hand of Latinism had its strongest hold, Caedmon sang of a lost Paradise, Baeda's dying breath was translating the Gospel into his own

Northumbrian speech, and Alfred's glory as king is obscured by his greater glory, as "teacher of the English people."

We thus see, that Education is a growth, old as the human race, loved and appreciated in ages more hoary, than Gothic Arch or Corinthian pile, and among peoples unknown, save by the moss-clasped kairn, or sod-wreathed quarry, where their dissolved ashes sleep. That the Renaissance was no double day of burial and birth, when the requiems were sung over the grave of an effete Education, and from the fresh-piled earth, sprang forth a new-born giant, and the world "looked and saw." No, there was no death. There was no birth. That was only a day of thrice-marvelous growth. But that growth was of the same old tree, transplanted from the Nile valley to Greece, thence to Rome, and from Rome to the farthest limits of the Earth. It was that same old tree, pruned in the shock of relentless war, grafted by the infusion of barbarism with culture, creed with creed, and race with race, which when this bleeding process was ended, the mighty trunk, fertilized so long by its growth in soil saturated with blood, amazed the world by its millioned fold multiplicity of branch, bud and fruit.

Education, thus considered gives dignity and grandeur to the human race throughout all time. To say that, this present grand civilization is a product of a Newborn system of Education, conceived in the fiery time of Renaissance, virtually ignores the efforts of the honored dead, whose mistakes and achievements were the pioneer milestones that guided and made possible the gigantic labors of the heroes of that time. What was Education in the remotest past, is Education today. Immutable as truth, and as enduring as time, the growth

of Education has been the growth of progress. Nor did any branch once put forth ever decay, though the misletoe of vice and superstition often nearly concealed the bloom. Education is old, for it taught Homer to sing Ilion's fall. It is old for it taught the Greek to cultivate his barren hills, till they were blooming gardens, and the Roman to connect his empire with roads and aqueducts. It is old, but not in the sense of being effete. As the furrows deepen on its honored front, the vigor and animation beaming from the scarred ridges bespeak perennial youth. Truth is ever dear, but an old truth has a hallowed sanctity, recalling the millions led to virtue in the myriad ages gone. Education is one of the oldest of truths. More ancient than Egyptian Obelisk is the school-house, and Hapsburg and Braganza cannot boast of as ancient a line as the teachers therein. But crumbling Obelisk is a monument of death, rearing its sepulchral shaft in the clear noonday blue, speaks in undeciphered hieroglyphics, "Here is death." The school house is a monument of growth, accumulating energy, speaking in the language of the morning sunbeam, "Here is life." Upon that mysterious strait, where the departing past grasps hand with the oncoming future, from these monuments of life have ever issued souls ennobled by culture, and inspired with the aggressiveness of intellect. From these monuments, radiating as a starbeam in the night, Education has ever advanced. From the dawn till today, Education's banner, a deathless scroll, has been graven with the four words, that express the limit of mortal effort: Teacher, School, Culture, and Progress. Education can in no sense be called "New," except in its widespread diffusion. But is that sufficient reason to strip it of its ancient mantle, and give it the vaunting 16th century garb

“New?” Are there not something too sacred in the hoary folds of that mantle, carried down the ages on the shoulders of Earth’s only true regal line from Solan to Erasmus, from Erasmus to Newton, to dare ignore its origin or stain it with a modern dye. The boldest iconoclast would not be more profane. Nearly two thousand years ago, twelve illiterate fishermen constituted the Christian world. Now their race has increased, and their principles span the Earth. But who so profane as to call their creed and teaching at their time the “Old Christianity?” None. But no voice of disapproval comes, when that Education which taught a Homer, a Virgil, a Dante is designated as “Old.” Not old in the sense applied to some cherished heirloom or some venerated ruin, around which Love perennially wreathes her garlands in the memorials of praise, But “Old” in the sense of being worn out and useless. Such is indeed profane. There is no “New Education.” There was no “Old.” Education counts not its growth by years, nor does its morn ever look for night.

“Time writes no wrinkle on its azure brow.”

More wonderful than Renaissance may be the Educational development of the future. But as long as Greece lives in song, and men remember that there was a Rome, let none dare call it “New.”



✧ Building. ✧

Read at a Teacher's Meeting, February 26, 1888.

Build me here, O worthy Master,
Straight and tall a goodly vessel,
That will stand all disaster.

—LONGFELLOW.



BUILDING.

“I can not play on any stringed instrument, but I can tell you how to make, out of a small village, a great and populous city.” Thus spoke Themistocles when adverse fortune drove him in ignominy a refugee from Greece, which he had saved, to the court of the “Great King,” whose armies had wasted faster from the strokes of his genius than from ten thousand Grecian spears. Laying no claim to the Great Master’s Architectural skill, for the glory of Salamis and Platea is yet seen in the fallen chieftain’s last utterance, I, nevertheless, invite you this evening to consider a subject more vast than the changing of a village to a city, the moulding, engraving, forming, stamping of Character, or in a word, Manhood Building.

True finished Manhood is built. The crude material in kind is various. In some instances it may have natural shapeliness of form, but in none is the finished product. The Master’s handicraft is called forth to finish the work, which when completed all admire. Angello says to his statue,—“Walk.” But the clever cast, patterned so perfect, is but pulseless marble. It stirs not. Manhood’s craftsman says to his cast,—“Walk,” and proudly like a spread pennnant on an azure sea, it moves. None are so dull, but perceive its majesty. The very Earth trembles under his feet. Faction is silent. The quibbler speaks not. The cynic hides his

head. The king,—the prince of destiny,—Manhood is aroused. Why sing vaunting tributes to Nimrod, Marius, Alexander, and Caesar? This is what made them great. But it is needless to tell the enraptured Sculptor the greatness of his work. It is needless to tell him the design. While his material was yet formless clay, in his mind the master-piece was fashioned in its faultless symmetry, and there pedestaled. So is it needless for me to dwell upon the greatness and design of the mighty work of which the teacher is the chief architect. Let it be assumed that we are cognizant of all that. That we, standing on the peaks, where time's surges seethe between the hoarse-dashing billows of the Past, and the Future's oncoming torrent, recognize the fact that the faithful teacher, where these waters meet, is the true Pilot of the "Old Ship of Progress. That we anticipate the fact, that when the nineteenth century closes, in every civilized land, dear as the dearest heart utterance of home and country, will be the nineteenth century motto,—School and Teacher." But the teacher must hasten on this feeling and prove himself worthy of such praise. He must not sit supine, and await this hale of welcome. Like the crested knight, with lance couched, and shield bright, his arm brawned by constant effort, and with thews like plaited mail, he must urge his achievement. Nor rest till every field is won, and the world sings the glad anthem song of prosperity and peace.

But, you will ask, how can achievement be accelerated or new conquests attempted? In every field of science or intellectual investigation there are master minds applying their laborious efforts to the solution of every problem. The world has unnumbered scholars, and every scholar is more or less a teacher. Where then

will we attempt untried conquests? Where shall the teacher, the architect and builder of intellectual force and progress, seek fields for his craft? Certainly I do not mean to quoth Webster's saying:—"There is room at the top," but the converse "There is room at the bottom." Room in every neglected rural district of this land, for the application of the best ability and talents. Room in the dingy street, causeway, alley or hovel for hearts that would build statues not of marble quarried in Hampshire or Paros, but statues out of marble, flushed with throbbing life, "crimsonveined" fretted with cheek blush and eye-sparkle, moulded on Earth but fashioned for the skies.

Wendal Phillips said: "The problem of the age is the government of a city." Very trite but true. The man who tells how to secure perfect honesty and exact justice in collecting and disbursing all municipal revenue, who tells how to prevent embezzlements, thefts, midnight assassinations, riots and street brawls, and other crimes; who tells how to break forever the serpent grasp of Intemperance, to destroy the haunts of vice, to change the hovels along our dark and dingy streets, to pleasant happy homes and banish from our midst the ghastly cry of craven want, hunger and suffering, who tells us how to provide for the homeless youth who grow up in idleness, uncared for, when they should be preparing for future usefulness, who tells how to adjust the city drainage and ventilation so that these dreadful diseases as Diptheria, Small pox, Scarlet fever, etc., will not periodically appear leaving their death marks in the family records of every home, who tells how to change tears to smiles, anxiety to rest, want to plenty, throughout the limits of all our cities, he is the future king, and on glory's scroll the expected hero,—a prince of peace. I believe

such a one may eventually come. He will speak words of wisdom. It is your duty to see that those words of wisdom be understood. It is the teachers work to build talent in the region where Nature has implanted mind. This I will consider under three heads.

(1.) Place.

(2.) Work.

(3.) Reward.

In regard to place, the teacher has a wide choice. As there is not a spot of Earth so barren, but the April shower will moisten and soften with the signs of springing verdure, so is there no society so debased, but the presence of the heroic self-sacrificing teacher will benefit. But this choice should not be governed entirely by personal consideration. That divine afflatus, which inspires a Loyola or a Wesley, should in a great measure dictate his choice. He should seek the place where his teaching will be most beneficial, or in a word he should labor where he can do most good. It is well to be ambitious and aim upward. It is well to seek Fortune's favor and be lulled by the Siren voice of Fame. Yet it is a sad fact, that the men, who have enjoyed fortune's highest favor, and heard Fame's loudest trump, have in many instances strayed far from Duty. This no teacher can afford to do. He, alone of all, owes it to his honor, to himself and to his race to be the steadfast child of hallowed Duty. Before a teacher takes a school, he should have in mind a certain work to do, and until that work is completed he should not leave that place. There are footfalls on the doorsteps, and voices calling him, which he should heed. Voices, who in his methods have learned but half a subject, which to learn by another's method, would rob them of a year. This is no hyperbole. The distracted, unsystematic condition of our pub-

lic schools, in the country, is mostly due to the fact that the teachers therein are a tribe of nomads, more frequent in their migrations than the Bedouins of Arabia. The nomad is the true type of semi-barbaric life. A roving population does little to push the wheels of Progress. It is, to use the sturdy Anglo-Saxon phrase, the husbandman, or the man bound to a house or home, that forms the bone and sinew of every nation's strength. These are the men, that scatter the thrift of civilization, who build cities, while their plough shares mellow the tough native sod, as the wild forests fall before them. These were the men that made England mistress of the seas. It was the inspiring thought, that they were home men; which made those sturdy yoemen of England such dreadful foes against the forced hirelings of France at Crecy and Agincourt. It is the men bound to homes, that represent the wealth, the progress, and the dignity of the country, state and nation. They constitute a country's prop in hour of peace, and her ramparts in hour of peril. They form that dauntless phalanx, who fall in their places in the same serried ranks, where they stood, with grim faces, fierce in death, with "feet to the foe," and wounds fronting the stars. The growth of a nation, is the growth of homes. The strength of a nation lies not in the number of its inhabitants, but in the number of its homes. Beware of the country of many homes. That country's fortresses are hearthstones and firesides, more impregnable than walls of brass or bars of steel. This principle should be applied to the teaching profession. The teacher should be a husbandman; his school should be his home, not temporary, but a permanent habitation.

How disastrous, this capricious fickleness of changing teachers every year, or worse, at the end of every

term. It is enough to dull the ardor of the most elastic heart. "Who will sow a field for another to reap?" None. Yet this is the very condition of our public schools in country districts. A teacher is employed, and, if he does not please the whims of some of his patrons, he loses his place. One short talk he had with his pupils, the screen dropped, and he saw them no more. The work he began is unfinished. Another takes his place, and he no better than his predecessor, at the end of his term, like the nomads of Sythia, must gather his chattels and seek a new place. Because he does not, like his Sythian ancestor, light the fires of destruction at his departure, is that the nineteenth century nomad, has improved in humanity, without changing his habits.

There is nothing which adds dignity to any profession, as the snow-crowned locks of age. Youth gives beauty, and breaks monotony by its sparkling vivacity. But a mighty movement, anticipating grand results, must be guided by the sage Nestors, voicing their grave counsels by pointing to the hilltops of long experience tried. All great movements to be successful must be guided by the experience of age. Not as the poets sing, would I sing. My harp would not sing of angel fingers playfully carressing the golden locks of laughing youth, but rather, of them being laid in reverential dalliance on the white locks of age. Age impersonates wisdom, transfigures holiness and is the emblem of Divinity. But look over this vast army of public school teachers, especially in the country, where do we find the sage Nestor, with his snowy brow? He is absent. A vast army of inexperienced youths, averaging about twenty years of age, without leadership, without organization, constitutes our marshaled hosts, that assail the demon-guarded walls of Ignorance. Why is this? Why is there not

found in this most important of all professions, the firm guidance and sage counsels of Age? Because there is no permanency of place, no certainty of tenure in office. Though the hearts most honest efforts be applied, though restless energy may have kept the faithful teacher awake long nights in weary research to properly guide his little flock, it gives him no guarantee that he will be his own successor. To romantic youth this nomadism may have attractions, but Age is domestic, and long ere the wrinkles gather, the hearts sighs for a permanent place. And thus, we see most of our teachers after a few years, though ripe with valuable experience, leave the profession of teaching for some other mode of life, perhaps not more lucrative, and often less attractive, simply because it gives them a permanent business, and soothes the natural longings of the heart that will not be a pilgrim, if there is aught where it may rest.

If it were the custom that a teacher so long as he desired, should be allowed and expected to hold the same school, we would soon find in our profession not only impetuous youth, but also venerable Age,—the glory of all dignified professions. To bring this about, the employment of a teacher, should be like the appointing of a supreme judge, during good behaviour. Changing teachers from term to term should be discontinued by the boards and resented by the profession. Every school house in the country should have a cottage close by, the property of the district, the same to be the teacher's residence. The teacher should be required to live there, and the care of the property of the district should be always in his charge. That place should be his home. Thus arranged, our country schools would be taught by teachers, who are married and have families, and would overcome the condition of the present, which

is, on account of low salary, and lack of other accommodations, a teacher is compelled to abandon his profession, when he marries. Teaching, as now, in country schools, may do for boys and girls, but it is impossible for any one who has the support of a family to maintain himself at the present status. This arrangement, would not in anywise disqualify lady teachers, as most of our lady teachers contribute largely from their earnings to support a mother, or educate a sister, or in some manner have some one depending on them for support, and by having a home to live in furnished them, in close proximity to the school house, they would be saved a great expense now incurred, and the convenience of such an arrangement, would make their work more effective. Married teachers under such a plan would be preferred, and our young and inexperienced boys and girls who are heart whole and fancy free, would not have the advantage as now, which is such that on account of lack of accommodations they are enabled to drive out of the profession any teacher who is encumbered with a family. And right here let me say, that while I do not wish to say aught against any one, but there seems to be an unwritten law or custom that when a lady teacher marries she must cease to be a teacher.* That is, the business to which she has devoted the best years of her life to learn, and which on account of her ardent devotion to the same is part of her life, she must at once and forever forego, if in the tenderness of her woman soul, she gives her heart to the noble pleadings of honorable love. I have not words at my command to express my contempt for

*When this was written, the School Boards in many of our large cities had passed rules against employing lady teachers who were married. I am glad to know that those Boards, as well as their rule, found early oblivion.

such a rule. Any school board, that enforces it, should have a day set apart for public prayer, that light may dawn within their narrow minds, so that they may awake at least to a decent realization of their position. Men who control a large business that employ a great many laborers, find that laborers who are married and have charge of families, do their work much better and can be depended upon farther, than unmarried help. So much so that many corporations at their own expense build homes close by their places of business and furnish them almost gratuitously for their help. Their business experience teaches them that this system pays. That it is profitable. They always have experienced help. In like manner, our district schools in the country should provide a home for their teachers. This will insure to that profession the wisdom and counsel of age abetted by long experience. Whoever objects to this should first ask himself, if it looks humane to see most of our country teachers, right after their laborious term is ended, obliged to tear up as a dismissed and worthless employe, and go like a vagrant in search of a new place. This will insure ample preparation, for when a person knows that he will enter a business, that insures a modest but humble home, and constant employment that lasts so long as his services are rightly performed; he will be sure to have made good preparation, that the long journey may be easy and profitable. It will remove the oft uttered, but too true criticism, that our young men are merely teaching to get easily into some other business as soon as opportune, and our young ladies until some fickle Paris comes along to steal them from this Idean grove—a bondage which they scorn. Let the teacher, who really desires to raise the dignity of his profession in rural as well as in high schools, endeavor

to bring about this permanency of tenure, and, in his own individual efforts, conform to it.

The second consideration of the teacher is his Work. The ideal teacher is independent and outside of his profession, is competent to maintain himself in other fields of life, and teaches merely from the innate love he has for the work. His soul is of that noble cast, which rejoices more over the dawning thought awakened in the budding mind, than in the winning of wealth, or in the gaining of fame's proudest smile. Like Napoleon, he sees in the debris of undeveloped genius, the material to build an empire or to shatter thrones. He therefore lays his plans with scientific precision and carries them out in the finest minutia. The scope of his work should be to prepare a pupil to meet successfully the struggle of life.

In our country schools we have no system or course of study outlined. It is a go as you please method. The training of the children is left entirely to the judgment of the teacher. He is an intellectual autocrat, and in his methods of teaching, and plan of work has absolute authority. He has no superior. Of course I speak of country schools. Why the State of Missouri has allowed the training of so many children to be done in such a haphazard way, I am at a loss to explain. Every other institution in the state is better guarded. The Judicial system is such that if error is made, there are always higher tribunals to appeal for redress. But the public schools in country districts have no higher power to look for regulation than the teacher. Each school is a distinct organization having its own curriculum and methods, and if the methods are vicious, there is no remedy. However there is lately a waking up. Teachers meetings and institutes are agitating the question of methods.

and course of study in country schools, and before long we may expect great results. Country schools should have their work arranged in a thorough and uniform system, all under the careful superintendence of an experienced educator. Until these are realized, the effectiveness of the work, in our country schools, will depend on the efforts of the individual teacher. His work should be his inspiration. He should, besides the lessons of the text book, impart carefully prepared instructions in government, the principles of sociology and political economy. His instructions should ever keep in view the result. He should remember that he is the architect, building the intellectual powers and forces that shall in future rule the county. That a generous state has confided to him the beings which shall be her future citizens, and also, that fathers and mothers have consigned to his care the ones they hold, in love, dearer than the red currents that pulse thorough the portals of their hearts. This alone, should make the teacher realize the dignity and responsibility of his work. Thrice base is he, who, in this, neglects his duty. No error is so sad as his to whom is intrusted the care and training of childhood. Beware teacher what you impart. A child's mind is a blank, its heart is an album upon whose living throbbing page may be written whatsoever we desire. If you write thereon kindness, gentleness, love, duty, faithfulness, honesty, liberality and virtue they will remain there in their effaceless beauty forever. A part of the teachers work should be to impart carefully prepared moral instructions. In this his own life should be a text book. No immoral man or woman can be a true teacher. No, his work is too holy for hands profane. Guided by this idea, the teachers work may be a pleasant task, a cheering thought amid the varied asperi-

ties of life. He may be surely conscious that he is doing good.

The third consideration is the teacher's Reward. If money be the only incentive of the teacher, he will estimate his reward by his salary. The money return for his work will guide him in selecting his place. While he cannot be severely criticized for this, I believe that many of our teachers seek reward of a different character. That many estimate their chief reward the good they do, and the pleasure they feel in laboring to advance the cause of humanity. That many of our faithful public school teachers have the true missionary zeal and have consecrated their lives to a noble purpose. Yes, and many of them, of whom fame never speaks, are consecrated heroes, with rich red blood in their veins, and with proud grand souls, who, when Ambition's luring strives to make them leave fair Duty's path, say in the noble words of St. Francis Xavier.

"Hush you! close the dismal story!
What to me are tempests wild?
Heroes, on their path to glory,
Mind not pastimes of a child."

Such teachers are in my mind the true benefactors of mankind. Of course by teachers, you might include all, be they ministers, lawyers, doctors, or public school teachers, who lead mankind in better ways of life, and induce them either by precept or example to be nobler, kinder and better. But I refer here to teachers in our schools; for, after the home, they have the first counsel to impart into the receptive soul of childhood. For this reason their responsibility is greatest of all. If their labors be faithfully performed, they deserve richest reward. This, alas! in a money sense with many of you is a failure. Especially you who teach in the country.

My observation makes me say, that the most deserving and self-sacrificing people in the land are the young men and women who teach in our country schools. But surely they have other reward, than the meagre salary they receive. The proud consciousness of Duty done, in a heart noble as that which throbs in the breast of the true teacher, is, itself, sufficient reward. And also to see the light of knowledge awaken in the mind of childhood, to see goodness and love inscribed by your hand upon that blank but beautiful page, is a pleasure, which life has none to equal.

I once read a legend of a true teacher. It is a legend but doubtless true. That teacher was a saint. But there are still saints today, although no pompous rites decree their names in the Calendar. But this was a teacher saint. His name, Aidan. Early in life he had sinned deeply. Afterwards regretting his fault he imposed upon himself, as punishment, voluntary exile. He would leave his native land—never to return. This almost broke his heart. Of all earth it was what he loved most. His young fervent heart, clinging with intense fervor to his old home and friends, almost burst when the hour of his departure came. But locking up his grief, and firm resolved and faithful to fulfill his vow, he left his dear old home with the hope:—

— “That if God could use a broken heart,
Crushed by the hand of woe
His humble soul would bravely strive
To make a heaven where he'd go.”

But he did not seek a county rich with the glories of civilization and enlightenment. He went to a lone, rocky Island in the North Sea called, “Iona.” There where the Northern blasts dashed the frothing spray against that bleak and desolate crag, he took up his abode. The

Island was inhabited by shepherds. Poor destitute creatures, subsisting mainly on their flocks. Among them Aidan came. He had previously lived in splendor and wealth, yet he here resolved to live and die in poverty, to atone for his fault. The shepherds, in answer to his request to be allowed to live among them, gave him a few sheep, and instructed him to care for a herd. He learned their ways and won the hearts of the shepherds by his kindness in instructing them and their children in the knowledge of the world. He taught them daily, either alone on the cliff overarching the sea, or in their huts on the rocky hillside, hard by the fold where the flocks found shelter from the howling storm. By and by his fame spread throughout the Island. All were eager to learn at the feet of this great teacher. Soon from neighboring Islands they came. The shepherds, in their rude way, built for him a small house of stone which he used as a school room. Soon his fame spread from the neighboring Islands throughout Europe. From every civilized land came ardent students to sit at the feet of this wonderful teacher of Iona. He built there a school that was famed throughout the world. When his pupils had finished the course, he sent them to other lands to instruct and found schools as he had done among the bleak desolate cliffs of Iona. Aidan died at Iona, and there he was buried. But for years and years his school maintained its fame as the center of learning of the Western world. For many years after this school sent forth missionaries to distant lands, and so great was their love for their *Alma Mater*, and the great teacher who was its founder, that when at prayer, they knelt facing the bleak and rocky Isle, where slept the bones of Aidan in "his loved and cherished Iona." And often when those devoted missionaries, weary with

toil, and with sandals worn, after vainly seeking shelter from the night, were obliged to rest their weary limbs on the bleak Northumbrian hills, or "on bed of hether in Mercian Moor;" on seeing a star fall to the West, in the rapture of faith they would exclaim:—"Tis the soul of Aidan coming back again to his loved and cherished Iona."

Who has not seen, how true this legend? I have seen a faithful teacher for years toil and labor in the silent river bed of his professional duty. The years came and went, and the gray gathered about his temples. Each year he sent forth a class to engage in the battle of life. Others came and went. The empty places were filled and filled again. At last a day came and the old teacher was missed. The toll of bells, the long procession, a new mound on the hillside told he had taught his last school. There was sincere grief, many tears, but the requiems were silent. Fame failed to note that one of the truly great had died. Years after, high in the records of fame, I listened to the voice of wisdom and eloquence from the lips of one of the greatest scholars and statesmen of his time. When asked where he learned his art, and what inspiration made him build so nobly in honor and integrity, he mentioned the name of this old teacher in reverential praise, and said earnestly he owed all to him.—"Twas the soul of Aidan coming back again to his loved and cherished Iona."

We have seen a child starting for the first time to school. How timidly hesitating and fearful is his heart. His little trembling form enters the school room unnoticed. Among the crowding children he takes his seat lost in bewildered wonder. His big round blue eyes have watery moisture standing, like a pregnant cloud, behind the lashes. How strange the scene. How

fearfully lonely he feels. But soon the kind voice of his teacher puts courage in his fearful heart, and at her request he seeks to perform a task. A beautiful white sheet of paper is spread before him on the desk. A copy written in a big round, beautiful hand is on the top line. After much persuasion, and many kind encouragements from the teacher, he begins. His trembling hand seizes the pen with a death grip, which fashions the little chubby hand into an awkward cramp, devoid of motion or elasticity. He is so fearful, and so frightened, that the task seems impossible. He has no confidence in his power, and he can hear his little heart pulsing in in his bosom, and fluttering in wild agitation. The blue eyes are half blinded in mist. The task is such an awful work. This is a crucial hour in a life. An unkind word would blast it, and, if the task be given up, a scar is placed upon a budding soul, the record of an effort that was lost. But the kind teacher is aware of the importance of this hour. The sound of her sweet cheering voice gives him courage. He writes. Oh what an ugly scrawl! How feeble and shaky the hand. He compares the scrawl with the beautiful copy. It startles him. He is fearful that his teacher will see him. He tries to improve the scrawl. In the effort a large blot drops on the clean white page. That so frightens him that the pendant tears, which hung suspended beneath the trembling lashes, fall beside the blot upon the page. His awkward hand attempts to rub them off, so that blot and tears and tears and blot mingle and soil the page and blur the beautiful copy all in a promiscuous smear of inky ruin. He is overcome. Grief bursts his little heart. The pen falls from the trembling hand, a piteous and despairing sob breaks forth, telling Oh, too true, how mighty the task

of simplest things in the beginning day. But the kind teacher understands his grief. She rearranges the soiled copy book. Assures him of her aid. Praises that poor scrawl which frightened him. Encourages him with gentle voice. Then, with her skillful hand guides his, till at last, Oh, wonder great! he has writ a line. He looks at that, and then at his teacher. A glow of triumph dances in his eyes. He sees how proud she is of him. The watery eyes drink back the tears, the soft cheek dimples now with wreathes of smiles, the glow of victory sets upon that young white brow, and deep within that wondering soul there springs a consciousness of power to do. That first line will be remembered. Long years after a proud man, wearing all the honors of civic distinction, bends to whisper a kind word of love and thanks in the deaf ear of an aged woman, whom the love of all who know her, vie in the emulation of kindness and gentle acts of friendship, to make peaceful the last days of her earthly pilgrimage. He mentions many lessons and words of truth learned from her in childhood, but she remembers not. Then other incidents are recalled, but all are alike forgotten. In the quiet monotony of her humble life, too many little chubby hands were held in hers, until they grew to adolescence day, and then past from her care. She cannot specially remember one. At last a word,—“That first line!” This brings the color to her cheek, the dim old eyes in kindness glow, a look of recognition lights up the wrinkles on her face, her palsied hand reaches back and from a shelf takes up an old scrap book with dusty lids and yellowed leaves, and turns and opens, and there upon a page, pasted with care, is “that first line;”—above is the well rounded copy, below the stain of blot and tear, between, the awkward scrawl, all plain recalls the burden

of an infant heart at its first heavy task, and the tender love of teacher and her pride to first direct a little soul to gain its first great victory in life. The strong, proud man is overcome. A generous compunction is awakened in his soul. The long ago comes rushing back, and knocks upon the portals of dead memories, sealed by the drifted years. He realizes the love and devotion of that faithful teacher to her charge. He feels abashed, that he so long recked lightly that devotion and that love. He feels a weight upon his heart, a debt of gratitude that cannot be paid, and the tears again come back to those same eyes that once dropped tears upon that snow-white page. With heart overflowing, he wishes now he could bestow a world as a poor reward for that devoted teachers work and love. "Twas the soul of Aidan coming back again to his loved and cherished Iona."

In conclusion, let me say, this legend is not a myth. Those saints of old are only so called, because they labored well, labored unselfishly and unceasingly for humanity. The good of humanity they viewed as their chief reward. They won the Aureoles that adorn their brows. None would say, while gazing on their faces, as pictured by some master hand, in marble statue, or on the canvass dark on old cathedrall walls, that all their praise is undeserved. The saints of old were teachers. The odor of sanctity in which they lived and died, was but that mysterious magnetism, which draws all men to those whose hearts overflow with kindness, and whose souls dream long, and yearn in dreams, to lead poor feeble man up to a nobler and a better state, and leave him at the dawning of a new and happier day. Noble ambition! Heroic souls! Such dream itself is fit reward for all the weary labors of a life. Can we not drink deep of that grand thought? The reward at least

is certain. Who thus toils, builds monument imperishable. He builds in the land, where the teeth of Time gnaw not, and the gaunt fingers of Decay dare not stain the blooming wreath of immortality. He builds in the regions of the mind,—that wondrous land of mystery and doubt, whose temples are not made with hands;—temples whose lofty domes are robed in beauty, whose garnished walls portray the resplendent glories of the painters art, and whose altars are adorned with the fair chaplets of roses, gathered on the flowery banks of memory old. In this glorious land you are architects building temples, and priests, offering the oblations of your weary toil and labors upon the altars of humanity and love. Be not cast down. Go on. Falter not. If you deem yourself as not receiving adequate recompense, care not. In future years, a loving people, made better by your lives, will not fail to note, when falls a star of light down from the starflecked sky, into every abysmal region of Ignorance and wrong. They will recall the origin of the beam. Its silvery path they will trace back upon the star-paved sky of Intellectual growth, and near its fountains “where the angels wait” the silvery scroll shall chronicle your names. Then shall the inspiration of your lives be known. All will say “ye labored not in vain.” “Tis the soul of Aidan coming back again to his loved and cherished Iona.”



Education AND Agriculture.

Read before the State Board of Agriculture at its meeting
at Maryville, Mo., October 20, 1890.

You're starting, my boy, on life's journey,
Along the grand highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations;
Each city with evil is rife,
The bankers and brokers are wealthy;
They take in their thousands or more;
But ah! there is gold on the farm, boy,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

— ANONYMOUS.



EDUCATION ^{AND} AGRICULTURE.

Education, as understood, is, at present, considered apart from any physical results. To fill the brain with facts, with theories or assumptions is about all we attempt. Results we expect, but while the instructions are imparted they are not considered. Their coming is a matter of chance, a problem of probabilities, like "bread thrown upon the water" at the mercy of the drifting tides. But the expenditure required to maintain our schools is no matter of chance. The State of Missouri spends annually over \$5,000,000 in the work of Education. Looking at this as a business proposition—and no business venture is made without a keen eye to results—we might ask, what is produced by this vast expenditure?

Has it added to the material comfort of the people? Has it in any way increased the food supply, produced increased happiness or dissipated misery? Has it made the homes of the people happier or more beautiful? Has it helped in any way to develop in the rising generation a sturdier, more industrious, thriftier or more honest type of citizenship than that which is now passing off the stage? Has it inspired a stronger love for home life, or for the useful trades, or the necessary vocations? Not to any flattering extent. The curricula of our common schools does not extend farther than teaching our pupils Penmanship, Reading, Arithmetic, the fundamental facts of United States History, Civil

Government, English Grammar, Physiology and Descriptive Geography.

And in these the work is often without system and superficial. But granting to it system and thoroughness, what is the pupil prepared to do when he has completed it? What vocation in life is he prepared to enter? Except the acquirement of a few mathematical principles, grammatical rules, a stiff, scrawling chirography and a number of historical dates, what else has he learned by his stay in the common schools? Has the instruction given therein been to any extent a practical preparation for life? All that the pupil has acquired by his five or six years' application in our country schools is the knowledge of facts contained in books—text books, foolish conglomerations of abstractions, with no practical bearing upon the problems or exigencies of every-day life.

But this book lore, that he has acquired, is to a great extent worthless. In beginning the study of Grammar, he was told that "English Grammar teaches how to speak and write the English Language correctly." But has he learned that from this study? Does he even know what the term "English Language" means? Does he know of Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Spenser, Goldsmith, Burke or Macaulay? Has he learned aught of the Philosophy of History or biography? Does he know anything of contemporaneous literature or events? Has he even been required to read intelligibly one work in literature, history or science outside of the dull textbooks of the course? Has any taste for good literature or ability to write or compose good English been imparted? In most cases not even a suggestion. The greater number of the pupils of our country schools have never read a single English classic, and at the same

criticism might apply to the teachers. Their minds have never been led to wander through the blissful land of treasured thought, where the mighty of mankind labored, where, under the influence of that light that "ne'er was seen on shore or sea," they wrote down their inspirations and transmitted them to posterity in the unsealed treasury of good books. Not even a taste for such has been imparted; so from a stand-point of culture, as well as practical utility, the instruction given has been to a great extent a failure.

But this impractical and superficial instruction imparted in our common schools is open to another criticism, severest of all. Children thus taught have a false notion of life. They seem to despise the nobility of labor, and to seek more uncertain means of obtaining a livelihood.

Parents seem never to think of teaching their boys a trade or useful vocation, but leave that important step in life to chance or self-adoption after they have reached maturity. It is a common complaint that all our common schools qualify pupils to be teachers, and that of a very inferior grade; and parents in the country, as a rule, are disposed to discourage an education which they know will only lead their brightest boys away from their homes, make them disinterested in the onerous and healthful labors of the farm, and eventually lead them to the city, where they seek prosperity by following a fleeting will-o'-the-wisp, and where in most cases their efforts end in bankruptcy and moral ruin. Can they be blamed for this? How many instances have come under your observation, where prosperous farmers have become bankrupt by backing their inexperienced sons in business ventures in the city? Do we not hear from all sides the universal complaint, "farming does not pay;"

that farm products have depreciated; that all our young men, ambitious of fortune, take no interest in its pursuits and are ever watching opportunity to enter other vocations? That the fascinations of city life attract them, and that they are everywhere leaving? Such is indeed too true. They go, despite the true admonition of the old ballad:

You're starting, my boy, on life's journey,
Along the grand highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations;
Each city with evil is rife.

The bankers and brokers are wealthy;
They take in their thousands or more;
But ah! there is gold on the farm, boy,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

Why is this? Simply because the whole influence of our education, all its force and example, are against farm life. If all the instructions now given in our common schools have any purpose at all, that purpose certainly lies outside of manual labor or work on the farm.

That purpose lies in the soft-handed professions or in the trumped-up quackisms of fashion. All the instructions given in our common schools during the last twenty years have not produced one good farmer or mechanic. The good farmers and mechanics have been produced by instruction and influences outside the school-room. Nor can our schools claim the honors of invention. All inventors come from the bench, farm or shop, and most of them, in what is commonly termed education, are very lacking. All that our schools are successfully producing are lawyers, doctors, teachers, book-keepers, agents, clerks, accountants, type-writers and cultured loafers. This will always be, so as long as we educate the boys and girls away from the home, instead of back to it. Instead of teaching the boys and girls to return,

when they have completed their work in the schools, to their old home and spread the sunshine of their acquired culture among its simple and cherished inmates, and its benefits in beautifying the surroundings, making its rooms more ample and better ventilated, its walks more regular, its lawns lovelier, its fields more fertile, its orchards and gardens more productive, we teach them by the strongest incentives to seek a field of effort in some of the callings just named.

Now, if those callings are of greater utility to a state than that vocation which furnishes the entire food supply of its people, our present theory of education is correct, and the State is justified in making the vast expenditure it does to maintain it. But if such is not true, our theory is all wrong and should be corrected.

This brings me to my subject—Education and Agriculture. I maintain that it is the duty of a State to provide the means of a sound, practical elementary education for all its people, but that education should have a special and direct application to that vocation in life which the vast majority of its citizens must of necessity follow. Applying this principle to modern education, we find that the reverse is true. About 1-300 of the population of the State are teachers. Yet, for their professional education, the State maintains four normal schools and one University, which is only a normal school of high order, and also the hundreds of high schools throughout the State. About 1-1000 of the entire population of the State are lawyers, yet the State maintains a college of law for their benefit, and other colleges maintained by other means are opened for students, while every law office is, in a certain sense, a law school.

In medicine likewise the State has made ample provision for students. But in agriculture, the vocation

that two-thirds of the people of the State are engaged as a means of livelihood, the State maintains only one school, a school that is isolated, unknown to fully two-thirds of the people of the State, that has had to contend with opposition and jealousy from every hand, that on account of its being connected with a school of the highest grade in the State, is absorbed by it, and ignored by the students, that has had in its entire work of more than a dozen years scarcely a dozen graduates, not one of whom, so far as I have heard, has become a farmer. This fact, used by its enemies to influence the cupidity of a parsimonious legislature, had its effect. Whatever appropriations, that it demanded, were grudgingly given. The results of its labors were under-estimated, and its purposes held in contempt. Its defenders met the common fate awarded to reformers through all times, and the trite lines of Goethe to their case fits exactly:

"Who for humanity have wrong defied,
Have e'er on crosses or on scaffolds died."

Agricultural Education is a new idea, but in full harmony with the fundamental principle of civilization, viz, the elevation of the laboring class. The nations of antiquity built their civilization upon the degeadation of labor. The tillers of the soil were slaves. This condition held sway through the dark night of feudalism, and, down to a very recent period in the Old World, the vast majority of the tillers of the soil were mere serfs or tenants at will. The masses were ground down by oppressive terms, so as to preclude all efficient cultivation. Sunk in the grossest ignorance, groveling in superstition, their law the will or caprice of their landlord, the people had neither means nor will to improve their holdings or methods. Only the crudest instruments were used. Iron plows were not used till 1731. A society of caste,

feeding upon extortion, struggled hard to maintain its supremacy and perpetuate the serfdom it had imposed upon Agriculture.

But the discovery of America, opened to the world a vast unbounded field of virgin prairie, forests, groves, hills and mountains, with the richest soil, free of tenure, marked a new epoch in the agricultural progress of the world. The hardy pioneers, who braved the ocean, would brook no interference with their holdings. Among them was no caste; they were the rulers of their primitive settlement, as well as the tillers of the soil. This gave a new dignity to labor.

But, as population increased, the scions of aristocracy began to diffuse its principles; though not successful, still the sentiment was covertly believed and taught, that the hand that holds the plow, or drives the plane is not as honorable as the hand that has never grown horny from the blistering sunbeams and the friction of manual toil. To this class belong those who oppose the efforts of Agricultural Education. But they are linked to a dying barbarism that is now throwing its last shafts at the sun of an endless progress, and we need not fear their power. All we need as educators, as citizens, as patriots, is to be bold; to say boldly to the world that the principles of Scientific Agriculture shall be taught in our State, not only in *one* college, but in many—not only in many, but in every country school in our beloved commonwealth. It should not only be taught theoretically, but also practically by scientific experiments. Of course the method of putting this into practice is a great problem, without precedent, perhaps, in the history of the world. But this grand nineteenth century civilization is without precedent, so it is not necessary to argue precedent in behalf of an enterprise whose object

tends to the financial, as well as, moral improvement of over two-thirds of the people.

I maintain that the principles of Scientific Agriculture should be an important part of our educational work, and taught in every country school in the land. It should be incorporated in the course. Many methods might be suggested, but I will offer the following: First, by text-books; in every country school there should be taught the principles and facts of Agricultural Chemistry. These principles should be engrafted in a text-book, not too elaborate, but simple, free from puzzling technicalities, and elementary in design. I know of no notable work of this character, but one could easily be prepared and made a part of the course of study. Its suggestion is recommended by reason. "The object of agriculture is to develop from seed and soil the largest possible value of useful plants and useful animals at the smallest cost." Nothing is more reasonable than that the farmer should understand the nature of those materials which build up his crop. He should know whence those materials are to be drawn, what ones are provided by nature, and what by his own efforts. He should know how to work in harmony with nature in the placing of those materials so as to produce the most profitable results. The work should briefly explain the composition of animal and vegetable tissue, the important organic matters of our staple field crops, the principles of fertilization and crop rotation. These principles need not be stated with lengthy demonstration or elaborate experiments. Simplicity should be the rule. The deductions derived from costly experiment at the experiment stations might be stated.

The rules for planting, sowing or reaping that have been proven by ages of experience should form a chap-

ter. A work in Entomology should also be in the course. In the last report of the State Board of Agriculture such a work is suggested. The structure of insects and their classifications are there clearly and logically outlined. However, unless it is taught as a text-book, it is useless to expect any flattering results. The number among practical farmers who will read an article like that, bristling all through with Latin terms, is few. It should be taught in every school where the insects themselves can be studied. It should treat fully the subject of injurious insects, and how to withstand their ravages.

In a paper from Prof. Purinton, of the Missouri University, published in same report, it is shown that the farmer and fruit-grower should possess a thorough and accurate knowledge of all the insect pests liable to prey upon his crop, as well as a knowledge of the best available means of their repression. The necessity is shown from a financial stand-point. But I maintain, that from a stand point of culture, it would be fully as profitable as the deformities and jimcrack diagrams whereby most of our teachers endeavor to impart to their pupils a knowledge of English and of Grammar.

These two studies (Agricultural, Chemistry and the Elements of Entomology), Horticulture, Domestic Economy and the three R's, would in my judgment be an adequate and practical course of study for our country schools. But how to secure it? Teachers would not teach these studies? The purpose of my treatise is merely suggestive. It in no sense partakes of an executive nature. Teachers would not teach Physiology till the law required it, but since the law made it compulsory, the teachers have prepared themselves in that subject, and it is now taught with more or less effectiveness in all our country schools.

But in this I would leave it to no uncertain means of execution. Having revealed Delphos, I would essay Olympus. Laws I would modify, and qualifications require until I was sure that every pupil in the State would have an opportunity to learn how beautiful is the home of his childhood, how lovely its green fields, how helpful its fragrant boughs, how enchanting the song of birds and low of cattle, how endearing the noble simplicity of country folk, how noble that brow from which the blinding sweat-drops fall upon the harvest sheaf, and that bends in humble adoration before its God by the family altar of the Country Home.

I would make no doubtful effort. The State Board of Agriculture, with the State Superintendent of Schools, should jointly control the public schools of the State. They should be largely industrial schools. In cities, in the intermediate grades, the principles of the various trades should be practically taught. This department should be under the superintendence of a practical mechanic. In the country schools, in like manner, the principles of Agriculture and Gardening should be practically taught.

It is difficult to give a just description of the average country school-house. It is generally a square box frame with no ornaments whatever, and severely lacking in the graces of Architecture. Of such there are over 10,000 in the State. They stand alone generally on a square plot of ground, dreary and desolate for the greater part of the year. Wild weeds grow around the door, the fences are dilapidated, and in the fall, when school opens, the vegetation that has grown rank during the summer is rotting around, the water in the well is foul with organic matter, and the out-houses are out of re-

pair. The furniture of the room is out of date, cobwebs are on the walls and window lights are broken.

Such are the surroundings, that greet the earnest country teacher at the beginning of his labor. And in such a den of bunglesome architecture and neglect, our country boys and girls must lisp the rudiments of an education. No wonder country homes are not more beautiful, no wonder the boys and girls are fascinated by the tasteful decorations of the city, and imagine the shimmering gewgaws of art, more truly beautiful, than the waving fields of golden grain and nature's shadowy pathway through leafy grove. Is it surprising that our country boys and girls should be somewhat rude, educated in such a rude habitation? Yet in such a place they spend the springtime of their lives. Common sense and progress should dictate that the scenery, architecture, furniture and environments within and about the school premises should be the most pleasant and enticing that is possible. There should be flowers along the walk and beautiful trees in the yard to furnish shade.

The observance of Arbor Day, so energetically advocated by the present State Superintendent*, has caused a great number of trees to be planted in many schoolyards throughout the State; but the trees, after being planted, are generally neglected; the yards are not mown during the summer, but overgrown with rank weeds and other vegetation; hence there are few beautiful schoolyards among the country districts of the State.

It is clearly apparent that there is a need of constant watchfulness to keep in proper repair the school premises, and in country schools to make the instruction practically applicable to the state of life in which the pupils are raised, and in which the vast majority must abide.

*PROF. W. E. COLEMAN.

Scientific instruction, backed by experiment, should be given in Agriculture. Therefore I would recommend the passage of a law allowing any district, wherein a majority of its voters desired, the privilege of purchasing, besides the school site, enough ground, not to exceed a few acres, but ample enough for a large garden with walks and flower-beds, to be used as an agricultural experiment station, and to be under the control of the State Board of Agriculture. Upon this a neat cottage should be erected, in which the teacher of the district should live; this should be the teacher's permanent home. A small rent for this might be charged, or allowance made in-reduction of salary for the house being furnished. The teacher should permanently reside at the school-house, and the property should be under his care.

The garden should be laid out per specifications furnished by the Agricultural Department, and the seed also furnished should be planted as indicated. The tending of the garden should be under the teacher's control, he to be allowed out of the products reasonable wages for his time. One hour each day during the summer season, the school should be required to spend in the garden. The names of plants, the varieties of flowers, should be studied and illustrated by their growth. Competition could be used to good purpose by allowing each pupil, who excels, a flower-bed of his own to cultivate.

Every experiment directed by the Agricultural Department should be illustrated to the school, and the teacher required to make a careful report of success and results of same. The board should furnish the teachers all necessary instruments to carry out their experiments. Composition of the soil should be studied from an analy-

tic standpoint, and the facts learned in the text-book on Agricultural Chemistry, illustrated;—injurious insects studied and the means of preventing their ravages, as indicated in the study of Entomology, put into operation. The various ingredients of fertilization should be studied; the substances that form the organic matter of plants explained. The amyloids, or compounds of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, which form the hard pulp of root, fibers and fruit. Likewise the fats, the organic acids, albuminoids, phosphates and various other elements, which enter into the plant, should be studied. The pupils should be taught what soils are supplied with all or part of these elements and what are deficient. They should also learn what fertilization agencies will supply these deficiencies.

The teacher's home, though not costly, should be neatly and artistically built, and the State Board of Agriculture should be required to furnish the teacher plans by which he can instruct his pupils in the principles of Modern Architecture, and the best methods of constructing a neat, convenient, healthy country home. In the same manner the construction of barns, paying always due respect to expense and utility, should be taught. The best and cheapest materials for building and the most convenient implements of husbandry and farm machinery should be illustrated.

The same methods, plans, instructions and outlines used on the State Agricultural college farm, should be used so far as possible in every district. The teacher should be required to keep the school-yard beautifully adorned with flower-beds—and such being his home, he would feel a personal interest in doing so—to teach the names of the flowers and their botanical classifications, and, if he possesses any art, his school will in a short

time be a little band of naturalists, each one of whom can in a moment open the great book of Nature, and from the simplest bud that blooms, read a story as charming as the shy tints of the blue-bell, or as pathetic as the love-lorn legend of Hyacinthus. Botany studied in this way will be remembered. A teacher might for months describe the common golden-rod, and it is doubtful if one of his pupils would recognize it at sight. But let him take his pupils to the garden or fields, and without any explanation point out the flower, and the pupils will never forget it. The pupils, knowing plants, and learning their cultivation as an art deserving the attention of the scholar, occupying the assiduous care of the teacher, will love them, and the æsthetic part of their nature thus developed will materialize in blossoms of beauty around their old home. They will see that the culture of plants is a study more instructive and interesting than Algebra, and many pupils, whose mind are too practical to be warped into bookish codes, will in such study find their true element. They will be interested in plant growth, and not only cultivate them from a financial, but also from an æsthetic view, as a means of culture. They will love to plant a tree by the old home and school-house to be remembered by. They will esteem it a fitting monument, more delicately wrought in its wreathed foliage than the sculptor's lines on marble, and feel that Spenser was a true poet when he praised much—

“The trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never dry;
The builder Oake, sole king of forests all;
The Aspine good for staves; the Cypresse funerall;

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still;

The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours;
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The Birch for shaftes; the Sallow for the mill;
The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The war-like Beech; the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull Olive; and the Platane round;
The carver Holme; the Maple seeldom inward sound."

I have thus submitted these few suggestions, and know full well that a thousand objections might be made against them. Yet I believe they are in every sense reasonable. The question of expense would be the greatest objection. But the entire furnishing, including teacher's house, would not exceed at a liberal estimate \$1,000. The average district of the State is worth over \$50,000, and on such a valuation the item of expense would not be oppressive. Many current expenses now incurred by the district in unnecessary repairs would be avoided, the school premises being the teacher's home, and it being his duty to take care of the property.

But the advantages of such a system of instruction would be manifold. The profession of teaching would then be a calling worthy of the best talent. Only well educated, practical men and women could enter it. And promising a home and constant employment would induce the best talent to prepare for teaching. Our teachers would then be a class in every respect leaders. Old age would honor its ranks—not as now a set of boys and girls in the business merely as a makeshift till fortune or marriage leads them elsewhere.

Agriculture being required in the schools, our teachers would in a short while prepare themselves in that respect. Agricultural colleges would spring up in every county or congressinal district, where there now is but one in the whole State, and that begging for students. Unless there is a demand in the schools for teachers

trained in Scientific Agriculture, the State might as well withhold its appropriation, for students will not pursue these studies. Agriculture carefully taught in all the schools will make the farmers of the State the thriftiest class of people known. Farming would develop into a grand profession, which a scholar would take pride in pursuing. It would increase the wealth of the State. It would add an æsthetic charm to country life, and make the country home a paradise. It would be educating our boys and girls for their homes instead of away from them. The boys and girls leaving school would be worth more as citizens to the State. It would exalt and dignify labor, the true principle of civilization and progress. It would educate the masses of the people for the vocation in life which they must necessarily follow, and would thus be carrying out the true definition of a school given by Pestalozzi: "A school should really stand in the closest connection with the life of the home, instead of as now in strong contradiction to it."

The teaching of practical Agriculture in every district school in the land, dictated by common sense, is also fast becoming an absolute necessity. The virgin soil which has for years responded to the efforts of the husbandman with luxuriant crops, is in some places beginning to lose fertility. Nature, unaided by Science, will not meet the demands made upon her, and at present the demands are on the rise. Population is filling up—during the last century has increased from 3,000,000 to 65,000,000 people. If such a ratio continues during the next century, what may we expect? Over 1,000,000,000. The thought is appalling. The Visigoths of Alaric and the Huns of Attila, who poured down from their northern homes and overwhelmed Rome, were nothing compared with this.

But these are not coming armed with brand, sword and fire to plunder, rob and destroy. They are coming welcomed by life's gladdest smile, by the firesides, into the homes of our people.

Think what a mighty problem stands before us! Think what poverty and suffering await the unborn generations if we are not far-seeing and prepare for their coming!

Think to what a high state of culture we must bring our fields to furnish food for such a dense population!

Hence, in behalf of humanity, as well as sound reason and common sense, I am in favor of the science of Agriculture being a compulsory study in our country schools.





What Should be Taught

Boyhood and Girlhood at School?

Written in July, 1890, part of the same read at Avalon, Mo., before a 'Teacher's Institute, Dec. 15, 1890.

Lead, kindly light; amid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on;

The night is dark and I am far from home,

Lead thou me on.

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene, one step enough for me.

—CARDINAL NEWMAN.



BOYHOOD AND GIRLHOOD AT SCHOOL.

It was long ago. John, a lad of perhaps seven years, had gotten up early. This was to be his first day at school. The family were astir with more than usual activity. There was a strangeness, and an air of interest in everything about the old farm-house. The low of cattle was more plaintive, the warbling song bird's notes were in slower cadence, and the very sunbeams, as they stooped to kiss the dew-moist grass and autumnal leaves, had a mellow picturesqueness, as when nature shadows in gentle premonitions the approaching storm. But no storm was to be. The vermillioned horizon marked the first days of Indian Summer. The orchards were laden with ripened fruit. Plenty, peace and contentment were pictured everywhere.

Yet, there was one event,—an epoch in a life, for the first time, John was to go to school. How much interest was there in his departure! Ere he had awakened his mother was at his side. Old Grandmother was unusually pleasant. She contemplated with pride the possibilities of John in life, and pictured them in her quaint old-fashioned way with all exuberance possible. John's father lingered long after breakfast, and talked of one thing and then of another in his curt indifferent way. It was noticed, however, that his voice had a peculiar softness, especially to his wife, it was as tender and kind as his rugged nature could assume. "John

will be a good boy, wife," says he, "and in those days a boy must be educated to get along, so don't be lonesome when he is gone. I must now go to work, see that he has everything he needs." So bidding John "Goodbye," he departs. John is bundled up. His little booksachel is strapped over his shoulder. His dinner basket is in his hand. Kissed, caressed, encouraged and praised, off he starts strutting proudly like a little soldier. Fond eyes follow him as he advances down the road, and a mother's heart heaving and throbbing, breathes with all the fervency of her nature a prayer to God, that those little feet, now so proudly setting forth on life's journey, may never go astray.

In another farm-house, this bright Autumn morning is a similar scene. Only the object of interest is a little girl. She is beautiful. She has seen the roses of five summers. Life with its vast hopes and mighty possibilities is yet to her a blank. Her little world has been circumscribed by the boundaries of her mother's garden and the old farm yard. But Jennie is a bright little girl. Her large, round blue eyes and delicate white face show a sincere, sensitive nature, quick to perceive, but modest, timid and kind. Strange event in her history. This morning she starts to school. After many efforts and encouragement she starts from home, not like John with his proud soldierly gait, but hesitatingly slow, her blue eyes swimming in tears, and begging her mother to go to school with her. When she arrives at the school, she sees so many strange faces. She sees the rough, rude ways of some. She perceives how unnoticed she is, who was always such a conspicuous part of her home society. This almost breaks her heart. She cannot comprehend it. During the day, as she stands off by herself, sighing for home, and feeling so lone-

ly in the crowd, she sees a little boy, who was so proud and assuming in the morning, alone, his big gray eyes filled with tears, for he like her sees to his sorrow that at school he is not nearly so big a fellow as at home. Sympathy brings them together. Their eyes meet. For the first time, face to face, eye to eye, smile to smile meet, *Boyhood* and *Girlhood* at school.

Boyhood and Girlhood at school! For what purpose? Let us keep this question in mind. We know that we, like those two children, had our first day at school. We yet remember it. In the region of love and reminiscent fancy it is bound to each heart in stronger and brighter clasps than links of burnished gold. It marks the day when our feet, first turned from the old fireside, and starting down the lane,—the sky above us, sunlit in gold and azure, the balmy breezes of the South,—perfumed with the fragrance of sweetest flowers, kissing our faces,—the air resonant with the song of birds,—the smoky horizon and the parting kiss still moist upon each cheek, yet keep in memory the day when unthoughtedly each launched forth on life's lorn pilgrimage alone.

But for what purpose is all this? Why must childhood, in its budding infancy, be separated from the warm sunshine of the hearthstone, while yet the cradle song is new, and the prattling baby form—dowered with fond caress and honeyed kiss, has never yet learned to bear a frown? Why must he, in such tender years, enter the lists and participate in the struggles and fierce competitions, that attend life's unrelenting and unending race?

Man is a child cut adrift upon the great ocean of living thought. Surrounding him are the clouds of hate and prejudice, the whirlpools of vice and sin, the rocks and shoals of ignorance, the fog banks of doubt and irreligion, and unpiloted and unguided through all, he must

take his starless way alone. To fit him for this journey is the purpose of all Education. This is why we have thus met "Boyhood and Girlhood" at school. And here the question arises,— "What shall each be taught?" Shall both be taught to look on life from the same standpoint and with the same purpose? Shall the instructions given John, the manly boy starting so proudly on life, be identically the same as Jennie's with her modest sensitive nature?

If Education be in any sense a preparation for the duties and responsibilities of life, the instruction given in our schools should be shaped with special reference to those duties and responsibilities. If man and woman have each, in the natural course of events, his own peculiar sphere in life, then the instructions given each should embrace a thorough outline of their several responsibilities, so that when both are called upon to assume them they may discharge every obligation to the honor of each and the glory of both. Education at its present *status* does not do this. The instructions given our boys and girls are identically the same, while every department of that instruction is so abstract that in rare instances has it any application to the practical duties of life. The Education of to-day in common schools only fits our pupils for three evocations, such as teaching, book-keeping, or clerking. Rated with respect to the number of places opened for applicants, these vocations rank as the most unimportant. Yet, even in our primary schools, the branches of study are so taught, as if the students of each, were expecting to step from their perusal to the counting room, store or schoolroom and there pursue a certain vocation in life. To attain a place in such vocations is the prime incentive of Education among parents as well as among pupils.

So strong is this sentiment, that if an ambitious pupil, after leaving school, fail to secure a place of this character he or she is looked upon as a failure. This false sentiment, kept alive by the influence of an unpractical and unphilosophical Education, has a demoralizing effect. It unfits our pupils for the sterner responsibilities of life. They regard the soft handed vocations as more respectable, than those, which require manual labor. Hence they seek through the instrumentality of an Education to escape the severities of manual toil. Thus we see thousands of boys and girls leaving the farm and workshop to attend Normal Schools and Business Institutes for a few months, expecting at the close to follow such callings as teaching, book-keeping, clerking, as though there were certain place for all who apply. They are in every sense of the term shirks. Their only motive of attending school is by that means to secure an easy job. Hence their Education, instead of being a preparatory discipline for the severities of life, is to them really a stumbling-block should they fail in the vocations sought, and be forced to go back to the farm or workshop from which they came.

The fundamental principle of all Education, should be the maintainance and perpetuation of *Home life*. We may reconstruct Society. Old theories may wane. The ideals of past centuries may become the ridiculous, and the Holy of Holies, the Shekinah, whose sacred light was forbidden to eyes profane, may yet be regarded as a myth. But there is one idea, that comes to us song-blest and heart-blest from the remotest past, and will ever be revered by all that is noble, virtuous and true, it is the idea of "Home." It is through the agency of Home-life that mankind has built up the grand fabric of

civilization. The perpetuity of this present civilization depends upon the maintainance of this one idea,—“Home.” Hence, the whole power of our educational forces should be put forth to overcome the incidious influences, now rapidly gaining sway, that a true standard of moral ethics can be maintained, when the “fireside altar” is ignored. Our boys should be taught that their highest ambition in life should be to one day own and maintain a Home. That such an acquirement is life’s highest honor and the truest evidence of life’s success. The culture of the schools should be regarded as only a means for the successful accomplishment of that end. And that culture, once acquired, instead of as now in most instances unfitting them for the labors and duties of their former home, should rather inspire them to return to it, and diffuse the benefits of their added ability, in making pleasanter and happier the surroundings of the cherished inmates, who on the sunset brink of life, may ere long need a manly breast to lean upon and a strong right arm that will not fail. And for girls, it would be far better, if the Education which is now crowding and hurrying them upon the already overcrowded marts of commercial life, would instead instruct them in their higher duties, so that after having been nurtured until they have blossomed into womanhood’s grandeur and beauty, “they could by their wise and beneficent ministrations make the homes of this land the moral bulwarks of a virtuous and honorable nation.”

But John and Jennie were not so taught. John was sent to the old “destrict schule.” He learned to cipher, read, write and spell. He was told that the world is round, that the sun is bigger than the moon, and that an island is a portion of land surrounded by water. Everything he learned was by rote, no reason, cause or

application was ever suggested. The endlessly repeated injunction of his teacher was "Remember," but never "Think," "Imitate" but never "Do." He was told to study his lessons, for that was what George Washington did when he went to school, and as he became President, there was every reason in the world to suppose that John would attain to the same eminence, provided he did likewise. Before John was master of Long Division, a very wise teacher was employed in the district. He felt Master John's head and promoted him to Algebra. His advance was so marvelous in this, that before the school term was out he could repeat the Binomial Theorem. His teacher flattered him, and his parents,

"Gazed and still their wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

He was taught nothing of life. Nothing of the history of the proud race to which he belonged. Nothing of the literature of the noblest language in the world. Even the fundamental principles of Orthography, Composition and Penmanship were omitted. At school he learned nothing of the duties and responsibilities of manhood and citizenship. Nothing of honor, purity, virtue and truth. Nothing of his duties to home, father or mother. Nothing of the obedience due superiors, or the respect and courtesy due to old age or the unfortunate in life was ever broached. Yet, in the conceit of his teacher and school, he was deemed a fine scholar. His Education was like a soft pulpy fungus without stem or fibre. In truth he knew nothing, yet his conceit pointed to him a President's chair, because like a parrot he knew the Binomial Theorem.

Before school was out, John received a circular from a certain commercial school, wherein it stated, that after a six-month course, he would be qualified to fill a place

in a bank or store at a salary of \$100 per month. The circular stated that such places were waiting to be filled by students from that school;—that this was an opportunity of a life-time, and so John thought. He showed the paper to his father and his mother, and though the former was somewhat skeptic, his mother abetted by the ever-accomodating grandmother, prevailed. So it was decided to send John to this school. His father mortgaged the best team of horses to raise the necessary money, and mother and grandmother sewed for two or three weeks, prior to John's departure, to replenish his wardrobe. His father bluntly remarked that, "he hoped John would do something at school," as he noticed, "since those Binomials were stirring in his brain he was not worth a cent on the farm." But here grandmother came to John's relief again, and told him John would more than repay them, when earning \$100 per month. And so he was gone! The world was about him. New scenes, new opportunities, new pleasures and new hopes. The fireside, the homestall, the green fields, the running brooks, the low of cattle, the fragrance of timothy, the waving corn, the old dinnerbell, the family altar were all behind him. He was in the midst of ceaseless, hurrying life. Cast adrift, who deeming himself educated, had not even learned to think. Results are soon apparent. John imitates the society about him. It was by imitation that he learned the Binomial Theorem. He finds the clothes his mother made for him do not fit him quite enough. A tailor is employed. Few letters ever go home, except calls for more money. Before the term was out, another team, and the old homestead was mortgaged, conditionally of course, for it would all be paid back, when John was earning \$100 per month. Well, he graduated. He was given a

scroll, *per se* evidence of acquired ability. Brain power manufactured by a kind of stuffing process. Stuffed and hurried through the common school, hurried and stuffed through the college, with the document of his acquired fitness, he starts out to find his \$100 job. This demands another appropriation from his father's drained ex-chequer. But he finds none. He finds every place filled. Not at flush wages either. On the contrary, most of the places are filled by boys and girls; children of wealthy parents, or residents of the city, who are there at almost service free, merely to learn the business. And the wages paid the best are scarcely adequate to pay for one's board and clothes. The \$100 places are only attained by those serving an apprenticeship in years, exceeding that of John's life. A cloud has gathered about him. The bubble has burst. He finds that a business Education is of little practical value outside of the strictly commercial vocations. Every place, where he seeks employment, the supply exceeds the demand. Disappointment, follows disappointment. Too proud to return to his old home, and give the benefit of his acquired culture to his old father and mother, and on account of his inflated idea of self, too lazy to work, he drifted from one place to another, at one time an auctioneer, and then a book agent, and finally a hotel porter. In the meantime the seeds of vice had taken root. Bad company and dissipation were playing a part in his developing young life. Discouraged by failure after failure, his spirit was crushed. That Education, which led him from his home, never even hinted that he could to the greatest advantage use it there. So far his period of Boyhood and Girlhood at school was only a shining "Will o' the Wisp," a treacherous mirage, that led him from home's sweet Oasis of peace,

out upon the parched and barren desert of the world.

During all this time, his home was desolate. The old ancestral roof-tree was in the "sere and yellow leaf." His father was now old. Under the weight of toil and sorrow, he aged rapidly. A cloud of gloom was on his mother's face. Her thick luxuriant, dark-flowing hair, began to show, through its deeper meshes, streaks of gray. Old grandmother had passed to the "far beyond." As the cloud gathered, she received a message, that joy's "silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl broken." So with her locks of gray, and lingering love of olden days, clinging in its beautiful simplicity to the half remembered things of by-gone times, and holding out her withered hands to those she loved, with hopes bright star above the darkness of the grave, she closed her eyes and slept. She spoke of John, but that was all. After her death the old home was lovely. Wild weeds grew about the yard and orchard. The fences were broken down. Everything looked strange, neglected and forlorn. A desolate silence prevailed. No voices of children, no tripping footfalls, no returning laborers. With increasing poverty and age, John's father and mother were compelled to give up one after another association, till at last their world of society was themselves. Alone they would sit together by the still hearthstone in silent, fond embrace, pouring over old dreams, recalling scenes, when first each learned the "lore of love," and built hope's pictures on joy's shadowy vale. Then as the sun sank in the west before them, pillowed in its glittering sea of gold, the dying day was to them a figure of their lives. It was now evening. Life had past its dawn and noon, their eyes were fixed upon the "sunset land." In its glory of gold and azure, 'twas so beautiful that a peaceful oblivion filled each heart, and looking back

over their past life, and in each other's face, their old hearts felt a softening tenderness, stirred by the wand of love, and the transient joy gave voice to the familiar verse of Burns:

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot
John Anderson, my Jo.

Then poignant memory would come back, and at its picture would spring up the thought, "where is my wandering boy tonight." At this a cloud would come, the nearing darkness spread its pall, and the worn old farmer and his faithful wife, would end the day in tears.

But Jennie! How with her? She attended the same school with John, was taught the same, but not having the parrot memory of John, learned nothing. But she went through a great number of books. Having an indulgent mother, she was not hurried; she was not hurried in her work, either at school or at home, and so she grew up a careless, listless child without a purpose or aim in life. Life seemed to her a place for living and petting, and by her daily actions she showed her belief. She talked of beaux before she knew the multiplication tables, and had company before she knew the first principles of housekeeping. For a long time her teacher was of the love theorists, who thought it better to rule 'by love' than fear.* So he allowed the boys and girls to sit together. John and Jennie occupied the same seat. Love did rule. Every "laddie had his lassie" even down

*This is no misrepresentation of some of the methods of the teachers in our country schools in this county ten or fifteen years ago.

to the youngest. At last the directors sent that love teacher about his business, and employed in his place a believer in common sense and decency, even if accompanied by a little fear. But that teacher was by no means popular. The first time he reprimanded Miss Jennie she pouted, and left school, and her parents over-indulgent, allowed her to stay out.

In her home society, however, she did not neglect to acquire its sound practical lessons. Her active, restless nature, would not allow her to remain idle. She learned the art of housekeeping. Was a first rate cook. Had her neat garden, and flower beds, and in her unassumed and uncultured beauty, was the "rose of the rosebud," the sweetest flower of all. Distinguished from other girls by her simple manners, and sound practical common sense, she was also loved by all, for her tender and earnest solicitude for the comforts and the happiness and well being of her home. Outside its circle she had no ambition. In the blush of beautiful womanhood, she knew no bond save parental love. Though oft fond fancy's dream, or passion's heart throb waked a tremor in her breast, yet ere the crimson deepened from her cheek, or sorrow's tear, distilled, rolled from its source, the visioned fabric vanished before the star of filial duty. A lass like her some poet has made to say:

"The puir old folk at hame, ye mind,
Are frail and failing sair;
And weel I ken they'd miss me lad,
Gin I came hame nae mair.
The grist is out, the times are hard,
The kine are only three,
I canna leave the old folk now,
We'd better bide awae."

Often had the Siren voice of a boasted Education tried

to lure her to its shrine, by the promises of fame, fashion and independence in the arena of commercial life;—but she paid the admonition no heed. She had a wise consciousness that in the struggle for life, a true woman's place is within the domestic circle, and that in the ordinary course of events, all other vocations can be but transient. Hence, she made her life a practical preparation for what she regarded its true calling, and looked cheerfully, though not impatiently forward to the time, when she, like her old mother, would be the central link, the bond of union, the loved and cherished wife of some manly hearted man, the presiding genius of a peaceful and honored home. Thus, while John was preparing for the future by means of Binomial Theorems, and the business experience, derived from fictitious bargain and sale over the counters of a commercial college, in her own home, guided by a truer Philosophy, she had better prepared for the duties and responsibilities of life.

Now what was the difference in the Education of these two? You will readily see that the Education of neither was complete. In John's Education, the disciplinary training of Home-life was neglected. He sought culture, but that culture only prepared him for a vocation in life away from his home, and entirely out of sympathy with its onerous duties and obligations. Had he been rightly educated, the acquirement of that culture would have been the rigid discipline that makes of the timid recruit the invincible soldier. The failure to secure place in one vocation would not intimidate him from attempting others. And should he have failed in all, that culture,—brave and dauntless, would have whispered to him of home. He would have returned to that place. The brawn of his young arm would have borne the burdens, borne by stiffening limbs. By the old fireside

through the long winter evenings, he would have entertained his simple, loving audience with the wonderful stories, found in books. Eyes of love would mark his going and his coming. Sitting apart, he would have often heard his name mentioned in love, and every lineament of his form or features, particularized as the like embodiment of two forms, now nearing the grave, but once young, hopeful and impulsive as he. Such an Education in a modern business sense might not be called a success, But it would at least have made one home happy, one father and mother bless to the last hour of life, the day, that in their home gave birth to the first cradle song, and the Education that would produce such a result would be by no means a failure.

Jennie's Education was incomplete, because she learned nothing outside her home duties and obligations. Hence, if fate had reduced her to the necessity of making a livelihood out in the world, she would be beset with difficulties, she might not overcome. But of the two, her Education was the wiser. And in the natural course of events, it was philosophically the best. But as our ideas of society are fast drifting from those of the past, and as women in the multitudinous rush of business and trade, fills so many places of honor and trust, a girl's Education should not ignore the study of these advantages, which offer so many opportunities of self-advancement. Let us therefore briefly outline the elements of a complete Education.

First, IT IS A DISCIPLINE.

In its rigorous severity, and tireless investigations, it should so shape the mind that failure to succeed would only be the spurring incentive to greater effort. Work should be its motto. The pupils should be taught that

an Education is not a means of escaping work, but a means of producing greater results from work. Any boy or girl, who studies with the idea, that by that means they can acquire fortune without hard work, will be disappointed. Whoever in life seeks fortune, and yet shirks from severe labor will fail. All success is won by work. Work is worship. Shakespeare, Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, are only impersonations of human possibilities, and what human effort may achieve by honest work. Work ennobles man. It writes upon his face the impress of manly independence, and gives to the mould of breathing clay the stamp and imprint of a God. Every man who has made a success in life, worked simply from the love of work. The thought of reward is a secondary consideration. All loafers keep their minds on the rewards of work, and are constantly talking of it, but the effort required to attain that reward, they constantly despise. Hence a complete Education will inspire in the pupils breast a true love for work. He will regard effort put forth by brain and muscle as the probationary discipline required to achieve success or signalize a name.

Second: A COMPLETE EDUCATION IMPARTS THE REFINEMENTS OF CULTURE. This should be its object. The object of an Education, should not be the acquirement of luxury and wealth. Such motives should be secondary. The primary aim should be Culture. Emerson says:—"the man of culture need not build palaces or mansions to dwell in, for lo, they are open on every hand inviting him to enter." Such is true. And that Education, which imparts the chaste refinements of a cultured soul, inspired by noble ideals and, guided by a strong sense of morality and duty, that has drank from the fountains of

thought the grand intellectuality of self-respect, is the true Education.

It will be noted that, while John's Education was so disastrous in its results, Jennie's Education, though not complete, was by no means a failure. The philosophy of this present age might account for this by the too common statement, that naturally boys are more prone to do wrong than girls. That their nature is coarser. That woman's nature is more sensitive, emotional and tender, directing her in the paths of religion, and love, while the "lords of creation" ever camp on the confines of the "broad way, which leads to destruction." Before I take issue with this principle, I am willing to second every encomium that has been pronounced upon the name of woman. Especially, American woman. We have the grandest, purest, most intellectual, and perfectly developed type of womanhood in the world. The glory of America, is not in her armies, her victories or armaments of war, not in her chieftans, not in her possessions of territory, not in her mines, products and vast resources, no it is rather in her women, Christian women, who living in the light of her peaceful institutions, counteract the incidious assaults of vice and sin, who "bear the armor of virtue and religion," and who by the fireside altar imparts the frankincense of her virtue and purity, contented, if only she knows her efforts are not slighted, asking no praise if only her sons for whom she has put forth so much self sacrifice, be worthy members and honored citizens in this land of the truest women and bravest men. Americans of all peoples, have cause to say:

"Blessing on the hand of women,
Fathers, sons, and daughters cry,

And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship of the sky;—
Mingled where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows ever more are curled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle,
Is the hand that rules the world.”

But notwithstanding this, I assert that the sentiment of honor, refinement, virtue, morality and duty is, naturally, not a whit stronger in woman than in man. In a state of nature they stand on the same plane. The experience of History, through all the ages, asserts this. Woman was barbarian, when man was. Side by side down the ages, they have advanced toward the goal of civilization, wearing equal laurels in the struggle for virtue, honor and duty. Hence, if there now exists any difference in these respects between the sexes, it is wholly due to Education. That there is a difference all admit. Now if our Education was making our boys to be, in life, as refined and cultured, to have as keen a sense of honor, virtue and purity, as our girls, it would be complete. That it is not doing thus, the home, church and literature, is as much at fault as our schools.

In the Education of many of our boys, home training is reduced to a minimum. At home every boy should be taught from earliest childhood to love and give due honor to each member of the household. Girls are generally kept at home under their mother's care, but boys are allowed to run wherever they will. Most boys chaff under the least restraint. If their sisters desire to go anywhere, they are insulted to be asked to accompany them. Yet society, as now understood, does not look with favor upon girls entering its gatherings without escort. A girl's brother is her natural escort. That young man, who could attend any social gathering and leave his sister at home from want of escort is in point of true manhood a

fraud. He is the fruit of this wild undisciplined Young America, that can unblushingly run the course of vice and wassail, and when sorrow or disaster overtakes him, return to that home for shelter and assistance, that home which he has scandalized and disgraced, to those dear inmates that he has disregarded, and accept their kind offices, without feeling the least compunction.

Opposite of this, is the brightest product of all Education the true young man. Such might best be defined as the "True Brother." Happy the sister that can claim such a priceless treasure. The "True Brother." Always kind, modest, demure, generous and manly. Never quarrelsome, rude, dissipated or profane. His voice is sweeter than the "balm in Gilead," his hand is as the clouds of April, scattering blessings, his form like the oak, his bosom chaste as marble, and his smile sweet as Aurora's the "rosy fingered daughter of the Dawn." I would say to any sister,— "If you have a true brother you are triply blest." Wherever life's wanderings lead, through darksome grove or smiling plain, you will ever be gladdened by the heroic kindness of his noble nature. Hours of sorrow will have no sadness, for his kind words will be the enchanted touchstone to heal the aching heart. Hours of weakness will not be dreary, for thy sinking form shall find true solace upon the gentle but strong pillow of his manly breast. And that breast will never weary of its burden. Oh no. On the contrary, while the tears fall for thy sufferings, that breast heaves with a transcendent, heavenly joy, so high, so noble, so inspiring, to know that it is the loved and only support of a sorrowing sister's broken heart. If you can claim such a prize, you possess no common bliss. Let Love's purest, most sacred, and holiest smile borrow, even a fairer glow, to greet him welcome. Let Love's hand

clasp his with softer touches, than the gathering dews upon the violet's cheek. Hide from him a scowl, or a biting censure, as you would hide your own heart from an adder's sting. Make his bed as soft as the star born ethers of heaven, and about his resting pillow let no intruder dare. When he sighs, sing to him songs, old songs, fond and dear, sweeter than the Siren's harp, for you have of life's rewards the brightest and noblest guerdon,—“The True Brother.”

How beautiful if our Education were producing such characters out of the thousands of boys now in our schools. If even to the same extent or proportion that it is making of the girls “True Sisters.” This would certainly be, if the home and school would unitedly and reciprocally labor to attain it. In the distribution of privileges at home, boys should not be favored a whit more than girls. To every social gathering to which the younger members of the family are invited, brothers should always accompany their sisters. This should be taught and enforced as the rule of the family. Parents should see that on Sundays, brothers and sisters go to church and Sunday-school together, and return the same. Not as many do now, strike out, one at a time, and come back as each pleases. During school days, girls should not be allowed to have any gentleman company, except their brothers, and boys should not be allowed to go in the society of other ladies, without their sisters. When family visits are made and received, every member of each family should be represented. When such visits are now made, it is generally the custom to send the boys fishing, that their parents be not scandalized by their outlandish conduct. I do not mean to suggest putting a bar to our boys going fishing, or romping around as much as they please. Let them romp to their

heart's content. Let them enjoy outdoor life in every season. But let their sisters romp with them. Would not little girls, 10 or 12 years old, enjoy fishing or playing, or running through the green fields as well as their brothers? Would they not enjoy coasting and skating in the winter time as well as the boys? Of course they would. So when Master Charlie and John want to go fishing or romping on a bright summer day, give them their fishing tackle and fit them out first class. But have them to understand that Sister Anne and Mary enjoy fishing as well as they do, and that it is just as necessary. Give Misses Anne and Mary their fishing outfits and let them all go as often as possible. But have it understood, from the beginning, that all must go or none. Likewise in winter, when Master Charlie goes skating, enforce the same rule. Give Miss Anne her warm hood, cloak, mittens, and skates and let her experience the skater's glee. This out-door exercise will save many doctor's bills, and she will grow up strong, healthy and more beautiful. This association of brother and sister will have a refining influence on both. Master Charlie will become careful and discreet in his language, and kind and considerate to his sister, when otherwise in the association of vicious boys, he would acquire the habit of swearing and using profane language, which is acquired so perfectly by many boys, as to be almost terrible. The brother and sister will then possess an equal degree of refinement. Not as now, when we see girls, who are perfect models of culture and womanliness, have brothers whose conduct and language is so debased as "to make angels" weep. Every member of the family should be at home in the evening at an early hour unless off on business. This should be strictly enforced with boys, as well as with girls. Each should learn, from

earliest childhood, that there is "a home society," and who is absent from that society, sins against it. At home everything should be pleasant. Let the children romp till they are tired. Allow them all the fun and frolic at home, consistent with decorum, so that when they go out in life, to buffet its storms, and participate in all its stirring scenes, when they see the deceit, hypocrisy and vice encircling its finest and most lauded pleasures, reminiscences will bring them back to the family reunions, "by the old fireside," where 'neath the approving eye of father and mother, they romped and played, while loudest "laugh of maddest merriest joy," told of homes gladness and pleasures undefiled.

In the Education of home, a father should have his boys to associate with him in business. A boy should have learned some of the principles of practical business, before he begins work in school to acquire knowledge of the theory. If a boy be raised on a farm, he should learn farming thoroughly, so that he may say, starting in life, that he has mastered one trade. Likewise in the professions. The lawyer should teach his boy the fundamental principles of the profession, and by association the *modus opperendi* of the craft. Because girls are more practical in their ideas than boys, is mostly due to the fact, that they are associated more closely with their mothers in their work, while on the other hand, fathers generally want the boys to be out of the way.

The school should supplement the work begun at home. Nothing, out of harmony with the fundamental principles of virtue and morality, should be tolerated. As this period is the formative period, a rigid, but kind discipline should he maintain. No school is deserving the name, unless it enforces a strict methodical discip-

line, and a due regard to the manners and proprieties of etiquette. The teacher should hold up to his pupils the true models of worth, honor and truth. The teacher should be a true and worthy man, of large sympathies, or if a woman, should maintain a kind but dignified relationship with all her pupils. In a country school, the teacher should cultivate a knowledge and sympathy for country life. He should be in touch with his surroundings. The green pastures, the valleys crowned with daisy and violets, the groves of oak and hickory, the river and inland streams, the waving fields of corn and wheat, the robins and bluejays, the crows and night owls, and every rural scene of country life should be to him subjects for useful instructions, and for awakening useful study. The course of study in the common schools should be more practical. It should bear more strictly upon the problems of every day life. They should be largely industrial schools. In the country schools the useful and artistic principles of Scientific Agriculture should be taught. As supplementary work it should be part of the course. To the boys, should be taught:—road and fence building, Modern Architecture, and the cheapest and most convenient plans of building a beautiful home, and of constructing barns and out buildings for his stock and grain, also Botany and Entomology stripped of its foreign technicalities. The various pests which attack the farmer's crop and orchards should be studied, and the best method of resisting their ravages taught. The girls should be taught the theoretical principles of Horticulture. They should be encouraged to have their own flower gardens at home, and at school learn the best methods of caring for plants, and making their homes beautiful with them. Girls raised and educated in the country, should be practical florists, know

the names and qualities of all the plants of their fields and gardens, and how to appropriate their beautiful qualities in ornamenting their homes. In our city schools, there should be a department of practical mechanics, and every student required to learn the theoretical principles of some trade. This would be common sense. Our teachers would then have to acquire a knowledge of the principles of practical business, and not as now, labor under the accusation that they are the most unpractical people in the world. The course of study in common schools should be thorough, but not extensive. Careful and accurate work in the nine elementary branches is all that should be attempted. Spelling and the principles of Orthography, now superficially run over, should receive the closest attention. Every child in the common schools should be taught Penmanship so carefully that he will not be only able to write a plain legible hand, but also have ability to write letters, promissory notes, deeds, contracts, and to attend to any ordinary business correspondence. Reading should be taught, as music, to be an art, which is to be one of the sources of pleasure in life. Arithmetic both Mental and Practical should be thoroughly taught, the greatest care being taken to make the pupil proficient in original analysis. History and Civil Government should never be omitted in the common school curricula. Grammar should be taught in a more practical way than now. Instead of endeavoring to make the pupils proficient in analysis, parsing or diagraming, we should rather awaken their efforts in the direction of acquiring an accurate and precise use of language. To be able to compose rapidly, to write readily all ordinary discourse, and to be able to appreciate the true and beautiful in literature, and to discard the vicious and vile. These studies with human Phys-

iology and Anatomy, should be all that should be attempted in the common schools. If the teachers do thorough work in each of these, they will find at the end that they have accomplished more good than, if they had attempted more.

As supplementary work, every teacher should endeavor to impart to his pupils a love for pure literature. Every school should have a small and well selected library of good books. The pupils should be taught to "love the beautiful and noble in literature" and to scorn whatever is base or obscene. They should be taught to wander often through that blissful land of treasured thought, where the mighty of mankind have lived and labored, and transmitted their thoughts under the inspiration of that "light that ne'er was seen on shore and sea," to posterity, in the "unsealed treasury of good books."

In Ethics, as far as possible, the instruction given boys and girls should in their application refer directly to the sphere in life, which in the natural course of events, each will be called to fill. The girls should be taught the true ideal of womanhood, that in every place they should aspire to be womanly women, and our boys to be manly men. Teachers should point out to each, that success in life is not to win place and power, but rather to be one of the loved and good, who look on life as a field for improvement, for self ennoblement, or who,

"Count life by virtues, for these do last
When life's lame, foiled race is o'er,
And these when earthly joys are past,
Shall cheer us on a brighter shore."

The teaching of our schools, especially high schools and colleges, should shape their instructions so as to counteract all false principles of society. Every attack against the fixed ideas of society, virtue and honor, they

should unitedly resist. They should resist the spread of immoral literature, and in every way possible, assist in supplying our schools with the very best. Our schools and teachers should be a united phalanx against the spread of the evil of Intemperance.* Not by hot and unruly temperance organization, but by the quiet work of Education, in begetting an intelligent and universal sentiment in favor of sobriety. As Educators, we should be true to the fundamental principles, and should oppose everything that has a tendency to the decline of home life, or may lead to its disintegration. Hence the laxity of divorce laws, should be opposed. Our national existence depends upon the preservation of the family. Therefore, is it not strange, that the marriage state that has been eulogized by nearly all the writers of pagan antiquity, and that has been throughout the ages the palladium of all virtue, both national and domestic, should, in this enlightened day, be considered with less regard than in former times. So much so, that writers in some of our leading Magazines suggest that marriage be only a contract for years between man and woman, to expire at the end of a term say five or ten years, bond to be given by each party concerned. And others like the Russian Philosopher Tolstoi, regard marriage, at best, as only a necessary sin. The spread of these ideas should be resisted by our whole Educational forces.

Supplementing the work of home instruction, our schools should ever be its guardian. Hence the motive of all their efforts should be the formation of sturdy honest men and women. Not ladies and gentlemen.

*The common school teachers of our day have done more for the cause of temperance than all other organizations combined. The cause of Temperance has just kept pace with their work. Education is the only true method of Temperance reform.

Oh no. In this age we are producing so many *ladies* and *gentlemen*, that they are crowding the men and women out. It is men that the world wants. Honest men. For:—

“A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke and a’ that,
But an honest man’s aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa’ that,
For a’ that and a’ that,
Their dignities, and a’ that
The pith o’ sense, and pride o’ worth,
Are higher ranks than a’ that.”

Men of might. Men of the true nobility of worth, reared and disciplined in the aristocracy of honor. Men of brawn and brain, whose “forms are as pillars of marble” and each of which is “chiefest among ten thousand.” Women whose ideals are above the tinsel and gewgaws of fashion, who know that it is just as easy “to be a fireside angel as the evil spirit of a household.” “Whose price is above rubies, who layeth her hand to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff, whom the heart of her husband doth safely trust, and whose children shall arise up and call her blessed.”*

The Education of our schools should not ignore the moral and domestic instructions begun at home. The cardinal principles of morality should be instilled in the minds of all, and also the pupils should be daily taught honesty, kindness to parents, brothers, and sisters, and if destined for that state, to be in life true husbands or wives. It is just as sensible in a high school to teach a boy that it is the noblest ambition to love a true generous hearted girl, and to win her love as it is to teach the principles of language and mathematics. And would it also be wrong to teach girls, not by text book or rote,

*Proverbs. Chapter 37.

but by the silent influences of our Education, that her field of life is not on the storm beaten highway, but rather in the quiet retreat of home, and to look not unfavorably on the thought of some day being the presiding genius of that sacred and blest abode. You will say that this is a girl's natural ambition;—her dream and her hope. Very true. A woman's hope and ambition is always the best. But granting that ambition to be natural, does that guarantee the preparation? Will this natural ambition, or desire, furnish her with all the requisite ability to perform all the labors that may devolve upon her? Will it teach her to make good bread, biscuit, pies, sweet butter, cheese, or other wholesome articles of diet? I think not. Hence this should be part of her Education.

But it is in the line of morality, that the strongest influence of our Education should be directed upon boys. The fate and destiny of a nation is in the hands of its young men. The happiness of a home, as well as the maintainance, depends more upon the husband than upon the wife. Goethe was right, when he wrote:—

“All that is womanly points us above.”

This is apparent with her, but with man, the converse is true. Unless a man is morally reared above the level, his tendency is downward. He seems naturally, though not so, to have a stronger affinity for depravity than woman. At least the love of home is weaker with him. Let a true, honorable, worthy, young man, marry an uncultured, and perhaps depraved woman, yet if a little love smooth the scars, she will in a few years rise to his level, and make him a wife that is dutiful, a fitting companion, and will to the fullest extent do a woman's part. But if a depraved man marry a finely cultured

woman, he will shortly drag her down to his level. He may make an effort to rise to hers, but in the general wind up, it is with her a loosing game. Right here is a fundamental error in our Education. Parents are very particular about the moral training their girls receive, but they allow the boys to shift for themselves. The boy's moral training is a question of little moment.

The children of the best of families, fare not much better in this respect than others. It is useless worry to watch the boys. So much so, that one can on any day see men of reputed respectability, who will curse and swear and use profane language in the presence of little boys. You will frequently see men, who will use the most shocking obscenities in speech in the presence of boys, and even to boys of most tender years, delighted if they can bring the blush to the cheek, yet fresh from its mother's nursing kiss. These men would not think of such a thing before girls. If one were depraved enough to attempt it, the spirit of American manhood would rise among the bystanders, and would be only pacified with the offender's blood. But is it any worse to use such language in the presence of little girls than boys? Is the warp of their spiritual nature more easily sullied, their moral sensibilities more easily blunted, the unpainted canvas of their budding souls more liable to be smirched with sin, or in the miasmatic air of vice, to catch a stain? Not a whit. The soul of childhood, whether of boy or girl, will clamber like the vine about the influences that surround it. Be those influences viscious, it weaves its tendrils about them, and the flower of promise will only bring forth the Upas bloom. That men are found so depraved, as to wantonly use profane language in the presence of boys is disgraceful. But such was not always so. On the shores of Gallilee

was once a teacher, who loved the little boys and girls. And doubtless in those days, there were men who would use profane language before them. They heeded not that teacher's words, though the winds obeyed him, and the Dead answered his call, and the waters of the sea was dry land to his feet. His name and words are still on the lips of millions, though he passed from earth two thousand years ago. But there is one sentence he uttered, which we seldom hear, a sentence directed against those whose vile tongues sere childhood's innocence. It should hang from the walls of every Sunday-school, and be placarded over the portals of every tenement, where children meet. "If you scandalize one of those little ones who believe in me, it were better for you that a mill-stone be tied to your neck and you be drowned in the sea."* That was the utterance of a heart that loved children, and though some may deny the divinity of the lips that uttered it, none can deny their truth. The moral Education of the boys should never be neglected. In the school as in the home it should be the teachers constant care. Neglecting the moral training of boys, is the crying sin of modern Education. This is why most of the girls, when they leave school, and are arrived at that age of womanhood when its is life's dream to think of love, and their minds improved by culture, would fain spread her white wings, can scarcely find cultured gentlemen to associate with. In every crowd, where culture and refinement is the rule, we find that the vast majority, are women. All church societies are made up mostly of women. But in the rude ruffian crowds, in the haunts of vice, we find the boys. All tramps, drunkards, and gamblers are boys. Nine tenths of the convicts in the United

*Matthew—18 : 6.

States are boys. In our high schools we find few boys. All loafers on our streets are boys. But enough. Every one knows that young men of culture, honor and personal purity are very scarce. All know that at present the moral Education of boys is sadly neglected.

Parents think, that if they educate their girls to be refined and cultured, that such will assist them in getting married, or easily settled in life. Now, if the boys were educated for this purpose, it would be more sensible. An educated man generally wants an educated wife, but in no instance does he want her to know more than he. A man not educated, while he may pretend otherwise, generally marries a woman no better educated than himself. Therefore in morality, culture and refinement, both should be raised to the same plain. Guard as carefully, in school as well as out of school, a boys moral sense and personal purity, as you would a girls. Have each to grow up as two twin roses, in virtue's bloom equally beautiful, and each, in every phase of life, inspired by "that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness."

In conclusion, the last injunction that I would suggest for "Boyhood and Girlhood at school," was spoken from Sinai when her foundations quaked, her summits were veiled in smoke, while lurid lightnings heralded the footfalls of God,—A God giving his laws to his people, while trembling Nature, dumb with fear, let loose her bolts of fire to give deep emphasis to the earnest dictates:—"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*" "Honor thy father and thy mother." To honor is to love.

*Ex 21—12.

To love is to protect. I would print this on the portals of every home, church and school. I would hang it as a motto on the walls. It would be the mystic password to religion, the enchanted sesame, whose utterance opens the buried treasures of love, the jewels of magnanimity and the grandeur of manhood. It would be my text in spring, when the Snowdrops, the Violets, the Anemones, the Sweet Briars, and the Columbines are opening bud, and scattering their fragrance on the mellow April air, to beautify the exhilarating loveliness of Eastertide. It would be the same when summer is here and the sweet June roses, and the Pansies are nature's gems of flower and field. And in Autumn with its groves of gold and russet, and fruit and falling leaf, it would still be the same,—“Honor thy father and thy mother.” And when winter snows lie deep, and we hear the Christmas bells, it would ring in perennial strength—its olden sanctity, century blest and race honored, hallowed by the endearing reverence of all the great and good,—“Honor thy father and thy mother.” What other injunction do we need? Be virtuous, be pure in heart, be honest, be kind, avoid swearing, profanity, drunkenness, does not that embrace them all? Be virtuous. Who can be otherwise, who honors in love the drooping form of father or mother and accepts and heeds their earnest ministrations? Be pure in heart. Who can be aught else, who heeds in love their hopes, that their red-veined race may never know the inoculation of vice, and who bends to their feeble wants a grateful generosity? Be honest. Who can be aught else, who imitates their sturdy and untarnished integrity? And so through the whole catalogue of sin, they find no dangers for him whose heart is mailed in the generous cloak of paternal love and duty. “Honor thy father and thy mother” is

a true panacea of all wrong. But in this respect the pagans of antiquity will rise up in judgment upon this generation. From the wasting sand-drifts of the Nile valley, where a race,—embalmed in Cryptic stone or hewn Sarcophagi, looked out from their dismal sepulchres, through the long flight of four thousand years, comes a rebuke upon the sacrilegious irreverence paid by the present generation to old age, and to father and mother. In ancient Egypt, if a young man, starting on an important journey, should meet an old man, he would expect to receive a blessing. The blessing of an old man, or of father and mother, was regarded as a blessing of God, and as such their curse was feared. When we read in the Old Testament of Pharaoh the King descending from his throne to meet Jacob, and to receive his blessing, do we think of this? We wonder, that a king should notice a poor, friendless shepherd of a hostile and hated race. But when we think of the reputed sanctity clustering about the white hairs of old age, the wonder vanishes. But not only in Egypt, but in Greece the proverb went, “That in Sparta ’twas a pleasure to grow old.” Over that race and their creeds Old Time has long since rolled his “devouring wheels.” The jealous Ivies cling to the few monuments above their bones, that have survived the teeth of Ruin. From the stiff cerements of stone that encase their dust, we look upon the colossal pyramid or obelisk and wonder at their greatness. Proud Sphynx grins a “stony smile” as he views the waste, for his burried altars and his scattered shrines. But no echo comes save the moan of desert winds, and the yearly overflow of the Nile, as it bathed their fields, or dashed against their thrones in the long ago. Yet that simple legend of their respect for old age and of father and of mother, is their greatest monument and tells us how nobly thy

loved when their hearts were flesh as ours. "Honor thy father and thy mother." Let us no longer allow the darkness of paganism to rebuke us in this respect. Let us teach this principle as the holiest of the holy. Let us awaken in the boys and girls a true sense of this responsibility, and inspire them with a true parental love, that they may know it is their sacred duty, as those hands once so strong weaken, and the brows wrinkle and the eyes ever so loving grow dim, to smooth the rough ways for the tottering feet, and to throw a strong right arm round the drooping form, as it stands by the crumbling brink of the grave.

Many other principles, than those which I have enumerated should be taught, but none of these should be neglected. Every one of them is older than the proudest monument of civilization, and they are song blest in heart love, and tear blest in heart gratitude, through the long lapses of many thousand honored years. In their inculcation we should not loose heart. Our educational work is better to-day, than ever before. Slowly, grandly, proudly, we are marching on. Hear the drum beat, and the oncoming tramp, tramp, tramp of a nearing race, among whom ignorance will no more spread its evil, and prejudice and fanaticism will not tear assunder hearts "that ought to twine." Let us not loose faith in our work. That light, which as a cloud of fire, led the Israelites through the desert, and as a meteor flash led Saul to Damascus, is still though in cloud veiled sheen leading the races onward and upward. And in the words of Cardinal Newman let us say:

"Lead, kindly light; amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
'The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.

Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead thou me on ;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years.

So long thy power has blest me, sure it till
Will lead me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."



The Manly Man and the Womanly Woman.

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

—*Robert Burns.*



◊THE MANLY MAN AND THE WOMANLY WOMAN◊

In fixing the place and dignity of a human being in society, we find a vast difference of opinion. One heaps on his devoted head an awful responsibility, and makes his average native capacity assume mammoth proportions. The other feigns surprise at such exaggeration, and with the cynic's jeer, gives man a place, only with the rest of Nature's breathing organisms, or with the flower that shortly blooms to die. Between these diverse opinions, I take a middle ground. I have no desire to unduly magnify the responsibilities, or even to degrade the paltry efforts of a mind. The mind is the spark of divine life in man. It alone ennobles while all else degrade. And it is to show a few of the grand attributes of mind, that I invite your attention to its noblest and proudest heroes:—THE MANLY MAN AND THE WOMANLY WOMAN.

In my former treatise, I have taken, from out the vast hosts of earth's teeming millions, two characters, simple, homelike, humbly born, humbly bred, humbly named:—John and Jennie. They hailed from the same school. A little frame wainscoted affair, with three windows to the side, a brick flue in the middle, old home made seats, and a wide board, painted and nailed to the wall, for a blackboard;—fenced with a worm fence of old oak rails, that some "unknown Abraham Lincoln" had split, and which the boys, despite the protests of teacher and directors, used to tear down monthly to build play-

houses for the girls. A school of the primitive days. The college of the pioneer. The first step in the evolution of school architecture above the old log-cabin. Simple as they were, we of this later day cannot venture a criticism upon the humble glories of "the log-cabin days." Can Greece forget Acropolis? Rome her Coliseum, Egypt her pyramids or England the Armada and Waterloo? Neither can we, children of a race as brave and true, as ever those who glinted shields at Marathon, or sailed proud crafts on Tyrean Seas, or followed the silent Pontiff up the steep to make the votive libation for the weal of Eternal Rome. No, we cannot forget them;—though the domicile that sheltered them, when work-worn and weary, and the castle upon whose walls they hung their kingly arms and escutcheons when the war was done,—and the palace in whose halls they heard the praises of their deeds,—listed to song more enchanting than lay of minstrel or harp of Troubadour,—and were greeted with the welcome and admiring smiles of lady fair,—was the plain,—simple,—old log-cabin of our fathers day.

“That old log cabin in gloom o’er-cast,
Is one of the lamps of our mystic past;
By whose fading beams from their mouldering place,
We read the thoughts of an heroic race,
Yet neither the Goth’s nor the Grecian’s skill,
In their humble structure one mite did fill;—
They were built by our noble fathers alone;—
The old log cabin is all our own.”

John left, as I have told you, this school at an early age, and went out into the world. Jennie remained, completed its work, and in the morning of womanhood, looked forth on life as we gaze at sunrise on the blue sky of an April day,—wondering if there will be a cloud. She and John had met. The lore of numbers learned together. If perchance, while pouring over the pictured

thought upon the page, or turning the worn familiar leaves, they caught a lesson betwixt the lines, from which was outlined shadowy dreams of love, where blushes fret the livid cheek;—and heart throbs beat in music wild and strong, we will not say. Suffice that they met,—parted,—and on the morning of manhood and womanhood, set out on life alone. Jennie a woman, gentle, modest, kind,—like the spring Daisy of the valley, opening its petals to greet the morning sun, she fixed her eyes upon the possibilities of the future. John had seen the darker side. Like Byron's Childe Harrold, he had run the long sad course of sin but,

“Through this at last he learned to moralize,
For meditation fixed at times on him,
And conscious reason whispered to despise,
His early youth, —misspent in maddest whim,
And as he gazed on *Truth*, his aching eyes grew dim.


And in the midst of this meditation, as the Harpy voice of sin was hissing in his soul and blighting every sensibility of his nature, he caught a whisper of the olden time. A way back amidst the sunset hills of the past was an old home. In it lived three inmates. The geese gabbled in the yard. The sun was setting. Away down the lane, in long procession the lowing cattle were returning home. The blue sky of Day was blending with the gold of Evening. The three inmates were seated at supper. A prayer was said. A hurried sorrow seemed to possess each heart;—for there was a vacant chair. At last a woman's voice broke the silence; “My boy will yet be a man.” The voice was sad, but so sweet, so familiar. It had crooned o'er him, in the fretful hours of his childhood, all the sweet old lullabys of love. And in the vision he saw on that face the deep lines of sorrow. There was a cloud in that

mother's heart. There were streaks of gray in the thick luxurantly dark-flowing hair. And knowing the cause, and feeling a grief that pen cannot describe, he called the latent beams of dying manhood together in his soul, and vowed with all the fervency of his nature. "YES, I WILL BE A MAN."

"I WILL BE A MAN." Mighty resolution! Long hope! Vast thought! The mighty resolves of a Caesar, an Alexander, a Napoleon, all pale to insignificance compared with this proud resolve. "I will be a man"! Under the inspiration of this mighty resolve, John assumed sober ways. He sought employment. In the big city he found it hard to combat the vices and false allurements that beset him everywhere. He returned to the scenes of his childhood. Nearing the old homestead he passed the old schoolhouse. It was in ruins. The wainscoting was torn off. The windows were out. In the twilight,—Bats, Cat birds and Wrens fluttered around. They had built nests beneath the eaves. It was a scene of sadness. Yet the silence seemed to speak sweet whispers of the long ago. It told of the love, the joys, the sorrows of other days. But except to brush off the intrusive tear, and stifle down the welling emotions of his breast, he passed on. He could not linger there, and at the top of the nearest hill, his sad, anxious eyes looked down once more upon his childhood's home. But that home was desolate. No sweet voices of the olden time greeted him welcome. The trees that he had planted, the favorite walks of yore, the rosebushes in the yard, and the ivies that once twined their tendrils along the walls, were no more. It was a home without an inhabitant. The evening breezes moaned through the deserted halls, and to him, the echoing whispers, were voices from the grave. On the hill close by in the quiet

country cemetery in the family lot, he saw three mounds. Above each was a marble slab, The cause of the desolation was clear. While he was wantoning in the world of sin, while hearts were breaking for the errors of his youth, there was crape on the doorposts of his old home, and without he heeding, Death had called once, and again, and then again, and laid the sorrowing hearts to rest. And when Contrition stirred resolve, and Hope awakened, spread sweet fancy's wing, and pictured to him a glad reunion, a fond, sweet, intense hour of forgiving, and had brought his feet back to the home, where lay enshrined all the old, old memories of his youth:

“The mossy marble *did* rest
On the forms of those he prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Had been carved for many a year,
On the tomb.”

He tried to read the inscriptions, but he could only note their names. He was alone. It was night. But his grief was darker than night. At last like the rainbow over the cloud, tears came to his eyes, and as the fountains of his grief burst open, the stars became visible in the sky. They loved him, for their beams came many million miles to cheer him. And every ray whose shimmering light was glinted back from tear to dewdrop seemed to say: “Grieve not, be only a man.” And then the light shot back again from drops distilled by stars upon each blade and leaf, to the tear distilled by grief and it, too, seemed to say:  “Grieve not, be only a man.” And he seemed to hear voices, the echoes borne by the breeze over the marbled mounds before him, voices from whence none knew, forsooth living voices, but whether of this earth mortal, or from the

bournes of "that unknown country" where rest the sable draped legions of the dead, or merely the repeated echoes from the shores of memory old, his grief stricken soul could not decide, save that the voices were familiar, and whether spirit or mortal their sublimest injunction was, "be only a man." So calling his energies together and locking in his broken heart his crushing griefs, he left that place, returned to the city, his soul pledged to obey that grand injunction, and trusting for help and guidance in that mysterious power who stands beyond the stars, upon "the shores of nothing," holding the universe in the hollow of his hand, heeding even the cry of the wounded sparrow as it flutteringly falls, knowing and loving all, and ever waiting to aid the heroic heart to "be only a man."

"ONLY A MAN." What greatness clusters around that common place name. History tells of kings who sat on thrones of burnished gold, whose scepters ruled the nations, who marshalled the armies of Gog and Magog and sent them forth to battle, at whose smile was peace and at whose frown ran seas of blood. But what says History of him who was ONLY A MAN?

Only a man. Where now the sand drifts rise like waves of foam, and the bones of caravans and pilgrims bleach along the changing by paths across the once fertile valley of the Nile, was once a race enslaved. Their burdens were heavy for they were forced to make brick without straw. But there arose a man in their midst. God's voice called him from a burning bush. His people took heart. Their oppressors were struck with awe and fear came upon all, when they beheld his mighty deeds. At his command, the rivers ran with blood, frogs and locusts attacked the abodes of men, the first born

of all creation died, in a night. At last his people were set free. They spread triumphant banners, and raised glad song of Jubilee, as he led them over seas, and through the trackless Assyrian deserts. For forty years by the lonely bivouac or from Sinai's top he taught his people, law, justice, virtue, religion and liberty. At last on "Moab's lonely mountain he died." In the full light of God, with his eyes fixed on the radiant hills and green valleys of the land of promise, the land he had loved so well, the land for whose possession he had prayed so fervently, the land every foot of which is holy ground and which his people yet claim as their inalienable heritage. He died there and God laid him to rest. His people mourned him, and his praise is not yet hushed. Moses, thou prophet, hero, prince, seer, lawgiver, king, soldier teacher, thy greatest title is, thou wert a man.

Only a man. Scattered here and there in warring factions and robber hordes, with no system of Government, with no religion except the darkest idolatry, was the proud race of Ishmael one thousand years ago. On the wide valleys of old Arabia, across whose wastes the fleet footed courser passed, or the patient camel plodded his weary way, there was no voice to speak of their ancient blood and faith, to soften their revengeful ferocity, and to instill into their impulsive souls the thrill of patriotism, or to mould the hordes and factions into a grand homogeneous nation. But a man appeared. His form, slender and delicate, his eye, the poets dark and dreamy, his heart tender as a woman's, but impulsive as the lightning in the tempest, his soul, proud, heroic, blazing through those dreamy eyes the iron nature of the warrior bold. Communing with nature in lonely caves, or in following the caravans across the desert, he

caught an inspiration. What infused that inspiration? Perhaps the glorious sun, the sky of enravishing blue, and the golden clouds that adorn sweet nature in a Southern land, formed for him an object making lens, and piercing the dark films of idolatry and superstition, "disenchanted the lethargy of his country's dead patriotism." spread bright on the canvas of his wrapt and dreamy soul, the glorious picture of Arabia made free. However that be, his dream became vitalized into vast conquering armies, till Arabia, Egypt, Persia, Greece, Asia Minor and at last, Spain bowed before his might. The world wondered and trembled. Nations sank from existence, and in the throes of tumultuous war, armies and races dashed against his conquering cohorts, only to die in the earthquake shock of blood and battle,—while the seas were white with his proud sails, and wherever the bows bent to cut the brine, or his victor comrades raised glad cheer, they held aloft the triumphant crescent, that had waved victorious over a thousand fields. Before him, was blood; behind him, was peace, Cities, schools, arts, sciences, Government and law. Mohammed, Thou Prophet,—hero,—soldier,—nation builder,—king,—creed inventor,—or whatever called by friend or foe, thou wert through all, at best, a man.

Only a man. Four hundred years ago I see the bronzed face of a poor sailor standing in the presence of all the great and learned whose wisdom directed and adorned the proud realm of Castile and Arrogan. His form is tall. His eye dark. The contour of his brow bespeak his Roman blood. But he is a son of the sea. The once dark locks that adorn his proud temples are whitened by the brine. What has he to say. The mitred Abbot shakes his head, the bishop raises his Crozier menacingly and the learned turn away to ridi-

cule. All say it cannot be. Yet soon three little ships are pushing out from the shore. Out, farther out, passed the encircling ilses, out, farther out, into the unknown and trackless waste of ocean old, and

“The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free
They were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.”

Fear stirred within the breasts of the sailors, and incited all to mutiny. They threatened the old sailor with vengeance. They exhorted him to turn from his course. Superstition takes possession of all. Old Neptune, jealous of his watery domain, incites all the monsters of the sea to rise against the fearless marriner. The sea nymphs and Nereides chant fantastic dirges. They heard the Siren's song luring them to the whirlpools of death. But the old sailor, locking in his breast all his thoughts, deep thoughts, “deeper than the deep ocean,” held on his course. Perhaps as he walked the deck, amid all the pictured terrors of the deep, his mind infused with prophetic inspiration, saw in mystic panorama, unknown Americas, unknown flags, lands of freedom, lands of love, lands of universal education, lands of governments for the people and by the people, which his little ship was leading the great mass of oppressed and downtrodden humanity to enjoy. Columbus, thou sea king, Prince of the deep, bravest marriner that, ever eyed a tempest, or guided bark through the seething brine, thou wert, whether in storm or in calm,
A MAN.

“Only a man,”—and we see a Napoleon building empires,—an Angelo casting mud statues in the streets of Rome,—an Alexander Campbell formulating his principles and laws or Rhetoric,—a John Wesley amid the poor of England,—a General Booth in the slums of

London,—a Sir Isaac Newton reading the story of the stars,—a Pascal exploring the mysteries of Science,—a Gibbon contemplating the Grandeur of Ancient Rome,—a Cardinal Manning exposing the grievances of the laboring classes, and a Damien dying a martyr among the lepers of Molakai. Manhood is the Jeweled crown that adorns all human greatness, and a man is the knight, the king, the hero of humanity. Manhood is what we mean by the term character. The fixedness of purpose and ability to do something worthy, honorable and great. It is the intellectual potential, the conserved energy of mind, stored away in the brain, by all the kinematics of effort, well directed through a laborious and industrious lifetime. It is the highest and proudest title, and additional tributes are superfluous mockeries, which, though they may designate, they cannot dignify or give distinction to him, who is ONLY A MAN.

And in like manner, and with equal degree of merit, humanity has proud tributes for her who was only a woman. Only a woman, and we read the story of her “who was blessed among woman.” Only a woman. A Ruth, a Joan of Arc, a Molly Pitcher. Only a woman, loveliest name, fondest tribute to humanity’s queen. We each have our own distinct ideal. Yours is different from mine. Mine might be pictured, as one rather tall, delicate of form, her head crowned with an abundance of dark auburn hair, always neatly tied up in a net, her face not strikingly beautiful, wearing a sad, kind look, often made radiant with a benign and gentle smile. Never arrayed in gorgeous attire, but nearly always clad in a simple dress of gray or dark gingham. Her step light, and her voice sweet as the harps of heaven and whether in simple conversation, or poured forth in song, in tune with the hum of the old spinning wheel, which her fingers

turned, it had the same soothing gentleness and entrancing sweetness. She lived in a cabin built of logs, partly unhewn. Yet she seemed happy and with her happiness was contentment. The splendors of fashion, and the allurements and tinsel that place offers in the world to its votaries, seemed never to interest her. Her only ambition was to be the loved and dutiful wife, of one who came from "over the sea." From the land of the harp and the shamrock. But not willingly, and not without regrets, had he come. His native land, the green isle of the sea,—rich in legends, and stories of ancient greatness,—stories of heroic struggle and disastrous defeat,—struggles in which his own kindred and blood had participated, and her lovely scenery and tales of superstition so entertainingly preserved in the common folk—lore of her generous peasantry, had so woven itself about his heart that it seemed like tearing himself away from all that love could revere or affection venerate, to leave his native land. But when the ship spread sail, and he saw the green peaks of Old Ireland's hills dip beneath the wave, there was a joy in his grief to know that he was going to a land where the inherited hate of race and creed did not exist,—a land that knew no distinction on account of caste, a land whose stary flag was the emblem of the equality of all its people before the law,—the land of which the persecuted exile might with truth say:—

"Thank God for the land where pride is clipped,
Where arrogance stalks apart,
Where law and song, and loathing of wrong
Are words of the common heart,
Where the masses honor straightforward strength,
And know when veins are bled,
That the bluest blood is putrid blood,
That the people's blood is red."

And she came with him. And when after he had

toiled for years as a laborer on the railroad, and had laid aside the spade and took up the ax to hew himself out a dwelling place in the forest, she was there and knowing that it was her presence that made her poor, rude habitation a "home." The last time I saw her, I have only a faint recollection, for her looks and features are now with me, very indistinct, blurred by the hand of time. But I remember that all were in tears, and that they took her away in a singular shaped box that they called a coffin. When I asked them where, and what this meant, they told me she was dead. That she would never come back again. That she had only one regret in going and that was, that she must leave her five young boys of whom I was one. Such was my ideal womanly woman, and as I said before, mine is no lovelier or better than yours. And that young man or young woman whose ideal of womanly character is defined by the word "mother," and who holds that character enshrined in love's everlasting urn, is in a great part THE MANLY MAN AND THE WOMANLY WOMAN.

But we must hasten on. John and Jennie must be kept in sight. They are the characters of our theme. We said they had met, and hinted they had loved, and then we said they had parted. That is, their places of abode became distant, and their ways of life diverged. Yet in that parting there may have been words spoken, and love's silvery wings may have hovered there, as emotion held wrapt silence, during the enchanting converse of sad looks and sighs, as heart to heart in twilight stillness both felt the crushing desolation of first love's blighted hopes. If in that parting there was any hint of a "future," the keenest gossip never supposed. And seeing John's ways of living, all were certain that parting was final. That—

That was the end of it all,
Love's dream had ended in vain,
That the garlands of tenderness woven in joy
Were withered by sorrow again;—
Yes that was the end of it all,
Love's hand had lost all of its art.
And the hearts that should twine from that
hour knew but hate,
And drifted forever apart.

But if they meet again, and their are mighty possibilities in it, the sequel of our discourse will tell. John, as we have said, resolved to be a man. In the world, to be a man, we have indicated, is to aspire by honorable means to be a character great, noble and true. To try to do something worthy of a name. To essay achievement. To love honor, and above the ordinary duties of life, have an honest aspiration and regard for *fame*, "the last infirmity of noble minds." In the home we have hinted that to be a man is to be obedient and dutiful to the wishes and injunctions of father or mother. I will now close our discourse by hinting what it is to be a man in *love*.

We need not delay our theme, as to offer a suggestion or a criticism of a woman's love. A woman may be proud, haughty, disagreeable, but she is ever a *woman* in *love*. The only avenue to a woman's heart is love. Along that pathway, through the sunlit land of her hopes and joys, she welcomes all, on whose shield is escutcheoned the mystic password, LOVE. In that clime is not known suspicion. Admiration, trust, and sacred devotion is only found there. Doubtless this is the land of which the poet speaks:—

"Know ye the land, where the cypress and myrtle,
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, or madden to crime.
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,

Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,
Where the light wings of zephyr oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint over the garden of Gul in her bloom
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute,
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the Spirit of MAN, is Divine."

A long time ago, in the morning of modern civilization, when the refining influences of the Christian religion, began to soften the hearts of the warlike barbarians of Northern Europe, then came into existence an organization known as Chivalry, or knighthood. The causes which provided this are many. We need not note them. But the fundamental ideas of Chivalry were bravery, honor, virtue and duty. The true knight was ever a man,—a manly man. Whether in the shock of death, when lances where shivered and corselets rent, or amid the weary anxious watching—

When he lay down to rest with corselet laced,
Pillowed on buckle cold and hard,
Or carved at the meal with gloves of steel,
And quaffed the red wine through helmet barred,

He was ever a man. A man, when wounded and trampled by foeman's hoofs, he was left upon the crimsoned plain to die unsuccored and alone. A man in his brave allegiance to his country and his God. A man in his tender devotion to a memory and a vow. A vow long since spoken in the gray gloaming of the evening 'neath the approving stars, by the lattice of the old castle's window, whispered in the proud ecstasy of hope, binding all that life can give or cherish in love's everlasting pledge. A pledge given on the honor of a knight. Its fervency has given a new world to romance, and the knightly devotion of Chivalry to woman, lifted love out of the mire of sensuality, and gave its devotion the sacramental seal of purity and truth. The noble

homage paid by the true knight to his lady love is the sweetest love song of mankind. Let us not laugh at its extravagance. That which has given the sweetest charm to all literature and gave to the poet's pen its sweetest inspiration, deserves some consideration even in this cold, passionless age. What were some of the characteristics of this manly love, of the Chivalrous days of old? Let us read some of them from the poets, the historians of the soul, who tell the true story of man as it is written on the manuscript of his heart. First, it was not mercenary,

"If you be not the heiress born,
But I quote he the lawful heir,
We two shall wed tomorrow morn
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

Second. Its memories were life's sweetest guerdon.

"When my faithful lute recorded
All my spirit felt for thee,
And they smile the song rewarded
Worth whole years of fame to me."

Third. It was heroic, and humane

"Oft it hath the cruel heart appeased,
And worthier folk made worthier of name,
And causeth all to dreden vice and shame."

But the Days of Chivalry are gone. The numbered years are their monuments. They live in the passion of romance and the legends of song. "That chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound," and which their spirits exemplified is still loved and cherished. And the spirit of love today, is nobler and grander, than that which springs from the legends of old fields of honor, or that was born of the wooings echoed from the lattice of gray castle walls. The love which the knight proffered was a manly love, and the true knight as we said, was ever a manly man. But the love that rewarded his pleadings was not a womanly love, no, it was only a

lady's love. It was his fortune only to woo a lady's love, never a woman's. That distinction belongs only to the civilization of the nineteenth century. In those bygone times, woman was ever a dependent being. Work degraded her. The menials that served her and obeyed her dictates, were never ranked in Romance as respectable. Romance pictured her only in her beauty and helplessness. Chivalry never paid court to a woman with a superior mind. She always was endowed with a confiding intellectual mediocrity, which made her the helpless creature of man's caprice and frequently his victim. Everything great accomplished by her gentle hand, was ever the result of her instinct or emotion. Never of her intellect. In this was Chivalry's mistake. Her ideal knight surpassed in his grandeur of character and honor every previous type of manhood. Rinaldo was nobler than Aeneas. Ivanhoe is a better lover than Menelaus. No Grecian hero, compares, even in his mythical character with Wallace of Scotland or Winkelried of Switzerland. In true unselfish patriotism, these two surpass every hero of classic fame. But the women of Chivalry are not equal to the type of the classic days. Irene, the unfortunate wife of Rienzi, is not as unselfish or heroic in her devotion as Andromache, the wife of Hector. Hers was a proud love, living only in her thirst for glory or for the glamour that surrounds a throne. While the character of the Trojan woman, ever true and unselfish in her womanly instincts, shines out as perfect as the rose and as beautiful as a star. She is the same lovely character either in joy or in grief, either when her Hector returns the Saviour of his country, or when his brave hearts blood washed the sands of "Phrygian Simoas." The Literature of Chivalry introduces us to no womanly characters as chaste, as Penelope the wife Ulysses, or as

patriotic as Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus. But in our day there is a change. The knight who now in the gloaming seeks the lattice of his lady love, must not expect to find the dependent, confiding creature of the Chivalrous day. Instead, he finds a nobler and purer and more womanly character. Or the womanly woman. Such character, Chivalry never knew. The glories of Greece, her arts, her romance, all put forth to embellish the fame of her heroic sons, never once possess such character;—the womanly woman. No such belongs to our day! The past knew not such character. Amid the mouldering wrecks of centuries,—Love has left his record shining out boldly above the ruin of decay. Love is the Siren, whose immortal song, once sung can never die. Once in primeval days, she sang a song upon the flowery banks of Eden, when guileless lovers, enraptured first gazed upon the virgin beauties of a newborn world. Again the orchards bloom,—the air is redolent with the soft perfume,—the blue sky, vocal with the song of birds,—the flowers, are blushing in lusty clusters over the green grass-carpeted earth and the winds sighing softly through the swaying branches;—all in sweetest harmony entrancing tells how sweet was the welcome, when Love sang her first hymenial song. But that song had ending far too sad for tears. Again her song was heard. And at the well stood fair Rebekah, when far in distant Canaan her youthful lover did impatient wait. Again was heard the notes, and faithful Ruth did glean among the fields of Boaz,—Israel toiled seven years for Rachael, and timid Ester by love's tender power made void a ruthless edict of the unalterable Median and Persian law. But these few instances but emphasize the degradation of woman in those days. She was little better than a slave. Among the chosen people we never

find again the sweet Romance of Eden repeated. Adam is one of the few great characters in the Old Testament, that we have reason to believe was faithful to one wife. Most of the others practiced polygamy and concubinage. In such a state the pure emotions of love's highest ideal could never come. Though God might speak in thunder tones from Siniai's peak, and with His finger write on stone the everlasting mandates of his law,—though he had abode beneath the brazen wings of brooding cherubim, overshadowing the Ark of the Covenant, still that society would fail, where polygamy stamped lusts loathsome dominion and marred the fair white brow of womanhood with its awful and damning stain. Such blight bedarkens every song of love that now reechoes from the distant past. In Greece.. Ah Greece! A moment pause! Dim shadowed picture of a glory past. Cradle of Literature and mother of Arts. No land richer in the memories of heroes and sages. Let us gather again beneath thy Pantheon, and rehabilitate the crumbling arches of Acropolis. Let thy shattered columns speak. Like stars, enbrightening each niche and Dome of thy shattered ruins, we see the glorious galaxy of thy hero dead. Again we listen to the statesmanship of Pericles, the eloquence of Demosthenes, the wisdom of Socrates and the genius of Homer. Not a broken column, not a mound but urns the dust of a sage. Plato, Zeno, Herodatus, Archimedes all again speak. We conjure back their shades, and see again the Olympian games, the training-school of heroes. Warriors? None such as they, — Miltiades, Aristides, Themistocles, Agesleus Xenophen, and Epominondas, each names to conjure the inspiration of a hero. Art? Yes. Not a column which does not speak of Praxiteles or of Phidias, whose genius put life into granite, and whose chisel fashioned the “breath-

ing marble'' in its faultless beauty to be the model and inspiration of Art in all time. But amid this glorious array of sages, warriors, poets, philosophers and sculptors, what say the stony records of woman? Was she loved and renowned? What mention finds she in the glorious history of ancient Greece? A few were celebrated. Aspasia and Phryne were admired by the greatest men of Greece. Cottyto had altars erected to her, and was worshiped at Athens as the popular Venus. The painters of Sycion immortalized Glycera. The love of Sapho, is the song of passion today. But these were all courtesans. They were not the wives and mothers of the Grecian people. While these, to the honor of their intelligence be it known, enjoyed high privileges, and were honored by the dignitaries of the state, the vast majority of the women were confined at home, plunged in ignorance, enjoying from their husbands scarcely the privileges and immunities accorded to their slaves. The Gynaecium, or that part of the home set apart for the occupancy of the women, was really a prison. All the glory and praise bestowed upon the civilization and progress of ancient Greece, cannot drown the criticism as to the condition of women. That state of society was certainly faulty, where courtesans and prostitutes, were honored, while the wives and mothers of the nation were slaves. Among the Romans, the condition of women on the average was worse than among the Greeks. The Greek character was gentle and humane, while the character of the Romans was stern, indomitable and cruel. Among such a people, where the law made no provision for the status of women, it is only reasonable to suppose, that their condition was worse, than among the more humane Greeks. Among the migratory nations of Europe, during the days of Roman ascendancy, it is very

difficult to determine the condition of women. From Tacitus, however, we learn that her condition was proportionally better than was that of the women of Rome. But all the information we are able to obtain, only speaks of their condition during warfare, or while on the march. Then, women accompany the armies, endure the perils of the March, and with her presence and exhortations urge on the conflict. Doubtless, if learned investigation could now go back, to the great valleys of the North, from whence emigrated the warlike hords of Huns, Cimbrians, Goths and Vandals, whose martial presence so long afflicted, and finally overthrew the Roman Empire, and with it, ancient civilization, we would doubtless find, that the people, who by the light of the Christian religion, has in our day totally enfranchised woman, did even in their primeval days cherish and respect her with some of the chivalry and tenderness, which has ever characterized the generous Northland heart.

Passing from Europe to Asia, even in the countries most civilized, the condition of women is even more deplorable. I need only mention the harems of the Mohamedans, the horrible custom of the Chinese in retarding the growth of the feet of their women from childhood, as also the wholesale murder of female infants, and the custom of caste, and at the death of a husband sacrificing his wife or wives, as the case may be, at his burial;—all the repulsive stigma of slavery, exercised on women, the tenderest, kindest, and most devoted part of humanity. Such was her status in the past. An inferior being. A slave. Traces of her servitude still survive in our codes of law. The fiction, that husband and wife are one, is an instance. Another that the father is the legal and natural guardian of his children, as against their mother. Another making all her contracts

during coverture illegal and void. And others,* which need not be mentioned. They are all marks of her former degradation, the prints of shackles once worn by slaves. They will all be soon one of the hideous memories that do only survive to tell the anti quarian, how cruel was mankind in the long, sad centuries of the past. Man and woman are intelligent personal beings, endowed with intellect and soul, and whatever personal and property rights are guaranteed to one, should be guaranteed the other. Such, the present advancing civilization of the world will soon bring to fruition. Woman owes to Christianity her present enlightened condition. Our civilization has borrowed largely from the most distant past. But from Christianity it has borrowed the true vitalizing principle, and that which differentiates it from all others, namely, the equality of man and woman, the sacred and beneficent blessings of virtue and purity; in a word, the "Christian Home." The Christian Home in its truest conception is described as a sort of kingdom in which the wife and mother is the queen. A beautiful and sublime idea. A queen, ruling by love, dowered with the sweet affection of a willing servitude, sceptered forsooth from right Divine. Many a struggle has Christianity maintained to defend this grand principle of womanhood. Though fierce the struggle, and strong the enemy, amid all the gloom and barbarism of the Dark Ages, she never consented to woman's debasement. On every other question there was compromise, but on this, never. Often by her decision in defence of woman, she realized that tragic scene, in the drama of Cymbeline;—

*Mention might be made of the common law principle that wages for the services of the wife belonged to the husband, which has been affirmed by our Supreme court. 81 Mo., 425. The injustice of such principles need not be argued.

Cymbeline

O, Imogen!

Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imogen

No, my lord,

I have got two worlds by it.

“Got two worlds.” A WORLD of HOMES,—upon whose fireside altars sits sweet Virtue crowned, over arched with Joy’s bright rainbow, set in the azure sky of peace,—the air laden with the frankincense of kind affection, whose suns rise from mornings sweet with dreams, to make the day one glad song of kind deeds, and sets in the full rhapsody of bliss. A WORLD of LOVE,—where the vocal air, touched by the enchanting wand of Music’s fairy hand breathes the glad harmonies of ecstasy, filled with the sanctity of pleasure undefiled,—where succoring hands support the drooping form and gentle words console the sorrowing heart,—where kisses drink from every weeping eye the tear, and pain and grief and fear and doubt melt in the golden crucible of Joy;—where the glad days, prolonged by cheerful wiles do come and go, but to renew again the mystic spell of Love’s unquestioned sway,—where youth and age clasp hands in the felicity of sympathy and trust, and flowers adorn alike the robes of birth and death,—where hymn baptismal, with its glad-some strain, sounds not a note of stronger hope than the dolorous requiems chanted over the dead which Love’s hand lays to rest,—where stalwart manhood, rejoices in his strength, and clasps in his embrace alike the forms of dimpled youth and palsied age, and to his bosom presses close those forms dependent,—against his heart they rest,—the “gray locks mingle with the gold” as “eyes look love in eyes,” that never knew of falsehood’s doubt,—but cheer him on to bravely battle in the strife of life, as he holds them interlocked in arms that will not fail,—where white-winged Peace, and bliss ecstatic reign, and pain and grief serve but to sharp and

render more intense the happy hour of joy,—where sin and sorrow never dare, and want is ever cheered by plenty,—where life sees every joy and in the highest feels and knows all pleasure that existence brings,—where for every pain is a balm “sweeter than in Giliad;”—all here in this sweet WORLD OF LOVE, consecrated and sanctified by the holy ties of affection and selfsacrifice, radiating like the starbeams, the light of Love’s holy dominion, mankind may well contemplate its glorious beneficence, but can never learn the debt it owes to this holy shrine of virtue and purity:—the CHRISTIAN HOME.

To maintain and carry out in its primitive idea and purity, the ideal Christian Home constitutes the mission of the man in love. In accomplishing this his destiny is fulfilled. Proud achievement. Grand thought. High beats, that heart with throbbing hope, who thus essays and wins by the strong right arm of affection the holy citadel of love,—the Womanly Woman; for such is she, who reigns as queen in the sacred precincts of the Christian Home.

We need not fear, what change in woman, the advancing progress of our age may bring. She will be thrice more lovely as an intellectual being endowed with equal rights and privileges than she was in the weak dependence, which was her status in the past. Her highest destiny is in the future. Let none resist the holy spirit of equality, that is now fast gaining supremacy in our day. Cheer it on. Cavilers may indulge in the satirist’s jest over “woman’s rights,” but his dull and senseless criticism will be forgotten, his wisdom despised and the world will realize and bless the day that ushers into being the full equality of all.

We need not fear that Love will not then, as now, in his own peculiar wondrous way, control and guide the aspi-

rations of the heart. Above all the wrecks of time and change,

*"Love will survive the empire of decay,
When time is o'er and worlds have passed away,
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that, which warmed it once, can never die."*

But our two characters,—John and Jennie. Well, their story is not long. It has been said that love is the great lottery of life. All seek to win the prize. But with these two, there was no repetition of the imaginary difficulties and heart burnings that we find in fiction, surrounding the lover's path and making thorny that sunlit way. No, they were of the Olden Time. Had loved from childhood's day. That love had known tears, not regrets. So when he, guided by the high resolve of a nobler destiny, felt the loneliness of the reaction, which comes upon us when abandoning old haunts or giving up old associations, he found an unexpected cheer, in a woman's kind and loving smile, and saw a glow of tender pity in the same sweet eye of blue, in which he had gazed in the early days, when first they met;—Boyhood and Girlhood at school. Pity begets sympathy; sympathy, love; love marriage. And they were wed. The happy day,—the gay procession,—the flower decorated altar, the jolly jests of friends, the well wishes of kindred, the bridal march up the old church aisle,—the vows,—the clasp of loving hands,—the solemn words,—and John and Jennie were for life united, for better or for worse, to drift in love's happy bark "Adown the River of Years."

*"Adown the River of Years
We are floating, I and you,
And Truth is the hand that steers,
And Hopes are the joyous crew;
There lies a haven afar.
Which our vessel daily nears,
As we sail under sun and star,
Adown the River of Years."*

Honored Age.

W're wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, John
W're wearin' awa'
 To the land o' the leal;
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal,

Lady Carolina Nairne.



HONORED AGE.

Each Age has its own peculiar beauty. Childhood,—the happy cheer,—the dimpled smile,—the curls of gold,—the dovelike eyes, that drink in wonder deep the strange discoveries of life's unknown ways,—the chubby form,—the pattering feet,—the artless laugh,—and the tender confidence of innocence and love,—all portray how fair is beauty's blush at childhood's happy tide.

Youth or Adolescence,—vaunting proud, yet strangely dependent,—looking out on life, on unreal grandeur, over sunlit fields,—the imaged destiny of the Over-Soul—stirring the heart to proud and boastful mein,—noting not the winged hours of care,—seeing naught but joy in life,—regarding of far happier worth the useless toy that gives a moment's pleasure more than hoarded gold or vast possessions garnered up by toil;—knowing no past and anxious not of future's care,—but all of life and strength that pulses through his sprightly form is in the mighty present filled;—seeing in all things beauty;—mocking the sparrow's and the robin's song;—chasing the butterfly with burnished wing;—by running brooks or in grassy woods, learning the alphabet of Nature's book;—reading upon the flowery page of Nature's bloom the law by which the sunbeam paints the landscape green,—seeking in the Autumn time in lonely groves the dropping nuts—bit by the first November frost, to garner up his careless hoard to serve in winter for a fireside feast;

—through all, is beauty, simple and unfeigned, attesting the loveliness of youth's short fleeting day.

Manhood;—the Age of reason and of effort strong,—when the bold heart, like an Atlas of Old, bears proudly on his shoulders broad the big responsibilities which life entail;—when with bold front the calm eyes view life's onerous battles;—counting with care the victories of each day;—pushing boldly out to meet the storms anticipating danger ere it nears,—lured by Ambition's Siren song;—learning the dignity of honest fame, and between the Siren's and the heroic strain seeks hymn of honor, integrity and truth,—then Love's sweet voice amid the conflict sounds; and in the Interregnum of the strife, in that short pause, a vow, is made and by his side in bridal robes before the nuptial altar stands the one whose blush inspired the flame that linked his destiny for life with hers;—and then again in the mad strife,—buffeting the waves with lusty arm,—bearing the burden of another's care,—knowing the deep importance of the hour;—cheered by the proud consciousness of Duty done;—finding in honest toil and industry the art of changing sweat drops into gold;—then from the strife apart,—a king in the sweet realm of home,—his throne the fireside and his scepter love,—clasping in one hand the hands of those that heard his birth cry and crooned over his sleep when pillowed on their bosoms in his infant days, and in the other, the hands of wife and children, linking—there in love, the union of two ages;—the gold and gray,—the dimples and the wrinkles, like the oak whose boughs support the withering vine and blooming tendril;—Ah manhood strong,—thou hero and the knight of Love's domain,—thou too hast beauty most sublime, and pregnant with the sunbeam's glow.

Old Age, if honored, it too has, beauty fair and true.

When the wild dream of Ambition's luring is hushed and life's form is ripening for the final sickle. Then is realized the fruition of noble deeds, of honor prized and charity bestowed. Then wisdom speaks in the calm voice of sincerity and good will. How gracefully the snow gathers about the honest brow of Age;—fading always to a fairer lustre, indicating a brighter radiance beyond the sunset? Why does the hair whiten with the years? White is the emblem of purity;—the stainless robe of innocence. As in childhood, at baptismal font, the robes of white symbolized the purity and innocence of infancy, so Nature following the hidden meaning of the rite, covers the venerable temples of age with snowy white, thus marking in purity and innocence the same, the second childhood as the first, the sunset full as gorgeous as the dawn. Not as the poets sing would I sing. My harp would not sing of angel fingers playfully caressing the golden locks of laughing youth, but rather of them laid in reverential dalliance upon the white locks of honored age. Age that is unhonored is despair. The black shadow of remorse. A wilderness of drear regrets. But honored age shows the true sublimity of character. It is the quiet reminiscent time, when the hero recounts the victories he has won, lays the armor of life's warfare by, and waits with calm and solemn face, the arriving of the sunset ere the night. Yet there is beauty then, in the kind old eye that lacks its former lustre, in the wasted form and wrinkled brow, in the trembling hand and solemn voice, then still is beauty of the Olden Time in the weak confiding tenderness of age.

In this period of life are now our once youthful characters John and Jennie. They are now old. Life's filful fever soon will end. All is peace. Joy clips the wing of hope to revel in reminiscence. Disappointment

has no more the bitter sting. They have no more tears for the sorrows life can inflict. But they have had their tears. We have known them in childhood and heard their nuptial vow. We heard John's resolution to be a man. His honest integrity and devotion to that vow, brought him the blessings of all at his nuptial day. Then with them both, with joys golden cup filled to the brim, as they journeyed on through life, clasped in the happy arms of love, along the billowy shores of time the waves were laughing in the sunlit sheen of bliss, over the ocean of the future a message came to both that "there was a sail upon the sea" and with fondest clasp and gladdest smile they welcomed the little immigrant to their home. And then, while thus, their future big with hope, in Love's high rhapsody whiling the weary hours of care, lured from the sober quiet ways of life by the enlivening prattle of a babe, making their future sky starlit with radiant hope—there came a change;—white crape was on the door, a white casket was borne out by sympathizing friends, and beneath the blue grass in the old cemetery, hard by their home, they laid their first born to sleep, realizing in all the sadness of parental grief:

"That, that was the end of it all,
Of their waiting and their pain;
Only a little funeral pall,
And empty arms again."

Again another hope upon the future sky. Again the pangs of birth,—the agony,—the joy,—the cradle song, disturbing the solemn quiet of their bereaved home from which one flower was plucked;—the laugh of babe,—the pattering feet,—the cherub simile,—the locks of gold,—the dimpled cheek,—the strange surprise of eyes that look in wonder out upon the new and varying changes of nature,

flower and field,—the chubby form,—the questioning strange from a mind exploring in an undiscovered land, all make the humdrum hours go by in happy while, and make their hearts already weary with the years, beat in the flush of joy, rekindled by a hope.

But again death comes. Again the fitful fever,—the piteous moan,—the blue eye hectic with the fatal stare,—the dimpled cheek emaciated,—the laughing lips wide parted, and the glad young heart is still. Then again the parents tears,—the crape,—the pall,—the grave,—John and Jennie, alone. Hope, which once shown as a rainbow enstarred with promise is hidden by a cloud. They are now alone. Doubly bereaved. But the snow is on their brows. Nestled close, clasping trembling hands in the touching associations of love, purified by sorrow, speaking as speaks the broken heart when treading “the wine press alone,” and yet by faith imagining beyond the cloud hope’s rainbow fair, she, the weaker devoted still in grief, as the clasping vine around the riven oak, spoke in the darkness consolation still:—

“W’re we arin’ awa,’ John,
Like snaw wreaths in tha,’ John,
W’re wearin’ awa,’—
To the land o’ the leal,
There’s nae sorrow there, John,
There’s neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o’ the leal.

Our bonnie bairns *are* there, John,
They were baith gude and fair, John,
And oh! we grudged them sair
To the land o’ the leal.
But sorrows sel wears past, John
And joys a’ coming fast, John,
The Joy that’s aye to last
In the land o’ the leal.”

And he too, firm in the consolation of hope, of manhood's honor, bought by effort in weary striving through long and tedious years, still yet with earthly yearnings, and lingering fondness for that devoted one, whose pathway by Love's guidance ran beside his own,—oft would essay a word of cheer, or an inspiring sentiment, when brooding care filled her cup with overflowing grief.

“Ah, don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray,
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis wintry weather, my darling,
Time's waves they heavily run,
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks, now my darling,
Our heads are growing gray,
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
Had our roses long ago,
And the time of the year has come, my dear,
For the silent night and snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as of day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

Aye, God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim,
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to him.”

Thus Love's sweet voice, speaks in its intense fervency near the sunset as at Dawn. Love, the Palladium of human society, the star of civilization and the guardian angel of home. Strongest and cheeriest in hour of gloom. It laughs at sorrow and bids defiance to all the wrecks of life. It builds happiness in tears, and spreads the

barren wastes of pain with the fragrant Accacia bloom of bliss. Like the Alpine rose, it blooms sweetest amidst the most frigid asperities of life. It clings fonder to the broken spar, than to the full flowing sail. Like the green Ivy, it clings with fonder clasp, and weaves more dense its tendrils, as time tears deeper rents in the mouldering wall. So still, strong in age, it binds its links of gold about the tottering forms, and in the kind lack lustrous eyes beams glorious still, fair as the Sun at autumn evening robed for his rest upon his golden couch of amber behind the gates of West.

Love is the inspiration of righteousness and who follows its divine light will wear the golden crown of Honored Age. Honored Age only comes to him who has led a worthy and upright life. It comes only to him whose integrity was stainless, who has stood the test of life's trials and temptations, who has past all dangers, and comes from the ordeal, pure and unsullied, in the proud honesty of conscientious manhood. It comes to him, whose heart was tender, whose hand was free, who helped the helpless, and who in the benignity of a generous soul, was in all things, though not perfect, always kind. Kind to a fault;—never censuring the imperfections and short comings of his fellowman, but ever with eyes, gazing through the lens of charity, sees good, where others see, but evil. Kind in his home;—worshipping his household gods by his fireside altar. Kind in business,—meeting with the same friendly face, misfortune or success. Kind in his social relations, esteeming fellowship, as the crown of society, and its merry making as a human duty. Such qualities bring honored age, all the fruit and offspring of Love. Honored not perhaps in the tinsel of fame, or in the plaudits of the multitude, but in the hearts of his friends and neighbors,

in the love of his wife and children, and in the approval of his God. How all love the Old Man who commands the respect of all? Who has led an upright life, and is now nearing the river. Whose kindly words are ever given to encourage the doubting heart of youth, too bold yet too fearful, to meet the stern difficulties of life. The painter surrounds the brow of his saint with an aureole of light. Is that crown a superstition? Or has his inspired soul looked deeper into what adorns the silent heart, whose life has been spent in the service of humanity, and sees there shining in rainbow glory, the semblance of the "crown awaiting on the other shore?" It needs not the painter's genius, nor the eye of Faith, to see such aureole in the silvery locks adorning the temples of Honored Age.

In Old Age the seriousness of life, no longer foreshadow gloom. The sublime injunctions of Philosophy guided by Reason, assert their sway. The Age of doubt is past. That period belongs to manhood's day. Old age, leans like a pilgrim, on the staff of Faith. Our two characters, John and Jennie, have passed at last through the valley of Doubt, and now on the brink of the river at life's sunset stand on the solid rock of Faith. But with John the passage hither, was long, doubtful and dubious. The cloud of skepticism overshadowed his path at every turn. That strong and abiding Faith, which some possess, by which they see a Jacob's ladder reaching beyond the stars, and crossing the vast chasm betwixt Time and Eternity was never his. It is true he was an earnest seeker, and envied others that faith. It was "a boon devoutly to be wished." That faith which regards life as a place of exile, and the grave as the couch of rest,—Death, the mysterious sentry, who opens to all the doors of everlasting joy,—that sings the consoling song:—

"The heart is Earth's exile, the soul is Heaven's."

No wonder the martyrs have smiled in the midst of tortures, and the faithful Aztec, stretched on burning coals, exclaims:—"Am I reposing on a bed of flowers?" But he, never so gazed on imagined pathways, passed the stars. He could not look, except through cloud and mist, and life to him seemed a land surrounded by sea, above whose waves were "clouds and thick darkness." On this land is light for day. What is beyond? Darkness and Night, Night and Darknes. Not so. A doubt rifts the gloom, and Hope, like Ariel, comes through on a sunbeam. Upon that sunbeam Faith strives, and for many, maps out the New Jerusalem with its walls of Jasper, and streets of the purest gold.

But he was too critical to build so proudly. He wasted months and years in study; and burned the midnight oil in wandering through the theorems of many creeds, and had knelt at many shrines, but the great question was still with him:—

Is there above the stars
Another land,
Free from the grief and jars
We here withstand,
Where the sunset sheen of gold
Borrows her gladsome hue
And those burning heart-hopes, crushed and old,
Again are new?

Is there "in Eternity, a land where the rainbow never fades," and where the great and good are gathered to their reward "to learn the secrets God keeps on the other shore?"

He asked Love:—Is it so? But she only bent weeping over a pall, kissed the parted lips, folded the ceremonies and flung a rose on a grave moistened by her tears.

He asked Friendship:--Is it so? And she took him out into the great world. There was a heart broken, she banished its grief. There was one who hungered and thirsted and she gave him to eat and drink. There was one naked, and she clothed him. There were lips parched with fever, and brows aching, that at the touch of her hand were healed. She gave homes to the homeless, and rest to the weary. She gathered about the couch of death and softened the mourner's grief. But when she looked into the opened grave, as he pressed her for an answer, she closed her lips, arched the mound and went away.

He asked History:--Is it so? And she spread in panorama all the mighty past before him. He saw men building pyramids, and their foundations laid in desert sands, grew till their summits reached the clouds. He saw the tower of Babel, the walls of Baalbec, the gardens of Babylon, the treasures of Croesus, the conquests of Alexander and the majesty of Rome. Back near the beginning, he heard the harp of Jubal sounding through the streets of that first city, laid out and builded by one whose hand was stained with a brother's blood. The rise and fall of Empires, kingdoms, principalities and nations passed before him. He saw the beginning of events, when the young centuries chronicled the pygmy endeavors of the primeval man. He heard the songs of Homer and the verses of Virgil. There were Kings, Princes, Nobles, Serfs, Poets, Orators, Scholars, Statesmen, Scientists, Philosophers, Artists, Sculptors and Painters whose words and works, shining out in the lustre of genius bestowed the wreath of immortality. He saw the beginning of creeds, and stood on Olympus as the gods assembled, and at their feet he learned the weird rubrics of Grecian and Roman mythology. He

learned of the Ahriman and Ormuzd of Zoroaster and marked the devotion of the Iranian priest before his everlasting fires. The story of the twelve fishermen was told, and then the rise of Islam passed before his view. Then came the struggle for supremacy between the Cross and the Crescent, the bleeding fields, the bravery and courage of fanaticism, against the trained discipline of the Saracens. And thousands of other scenes of war and conquest passed in review before him, but when he pressed her to tell him the story of the beyond, she took him through the catacombs and cemeteries, where the Ivy and crumbling marble hold communion, and pointing to the time blurred cenotaphs, she disappeared.

He asked Science:—Is it so? And she constructed her charts, angles, signs and lenses to make true demonstration. In her glittering prism, she displayed the spectro-scope of the past. She unraveled myths, and showed that the living thoughts of to-day are the dead superstitions of to-morrow. She touched the electric spark, and he conversed with others thousands of miles away. She gave him a formula, and he measured the sun, and computed the distance to the stars. He weighed the planets in her scales, and explained their motions and changes. With steam he annihilated distance, and in the rocks and strata of the Earth, he read the true history of Creation. But when he pressed her to answer the great question, is life beyond, she hesitated, but finally condescended to take him into the still, dark vaults of the tomb, where on her dissecting table, she analyzed with minute accuracy, the component parts and primary elements, of the form in death dissolving and returning to its parent clay. But when he still pressed her further for answer, she pointed to the dead rose, and the bud

again putting forth leaf, and lest he should further question, she went away.

He asked Poetry:—Is it so? And she tuned her wild harp, and there was music. He stood with Homer on Ilion's battle towers, and wandered with Ulysses and heard the Siren's song. Virgil's lay touched his ear, and he heard again the story of Aeneas, and of his wanderings, ere he laid the corner stone of Eternal Rome. In the groves of Banzi by the shores of "the sounding Ausidus" he conversed with Horace, who first taught the Latins lyric verse. Back over the Tyrian waves, beyond the Tigress, he heard the songs of David, the wrapt Isaiah, the sad lament of Jeremiah, and the fervent and steadfast faith as sung in the melody of Job. Then passed in panorama Tasso, Petrarch, Dante, Milton, Schiller, Shakespeare, Goethe, Goldsmith, Heine and Moore. In their melody, he saw portrayed the Paradise and Inferno of Dante, the despicable Mephistopholes, of Goethe, the Grand Satan of Milton, the tragic heroes Schiller and Shakspeare, the pathos and passion of Heine, Tasso and Petrarch, blending with the sweet tender sentiments of Goldsmith and Moore. He heard, in many of these strains, of spirits,—love inspired, returning and speaking with friends here, in warning or in consolation, but when from the music he sought to ascertain a date, or fix the certainty of the event, it vanished as a cloud, and all the facts became myths and imagines. And when he asked her whence her music, or if her strains reached beyond the valley of the Shadow, or found ears there listening to the sweetness of the notes, she burst forth in sad requiems, and like the harp of Orpheus, made all nature weep with her lamentations. But he, still questioning, the Inspired Strain,—trusting and yet doubting, became silent and disappeared.

He asked Philosophy:—Is it so? And she at once assumed the logicians art, and with facts and sequences proceeded to answer in her lofty style of Argumentation. First her premises were given, material essence explained, the entity of existence declared, the realm of mind and matter reviewed, then at her invitation he stepped into the domain of Ethics. She showed him that in the regions of the mind,—that wondrous land of mystery and doubt, there are “temples not made with hands.” Temples arched in beauty whose chevroned walls portray the shining glories of the sculptor’s chisel and whose altars are adorned with the fair chaplets of roses, gathered from flowery banks of memory old. That acts and incidents, long past, still live shelved upon the niches of these temples, where memory acts as the custodian to call them up, and bring them again to life. That the verdure reaped by the sickle or nipped by the frosts, becomes again green. That in the breast there is a secret longing and an inborn consciousness of immortality. That inspired by this—

“The soul secure in its existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defys its point.”

Then exulting over this argument, which is accepted as strongest demonstration, exclaims:—

“The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.”

But Doubt still questions, and Reason, skeptic still, shows that bold assumption to be but a child of superstition, born of dreams. She then led him out in Nature. She showed him the attribures of the soul, and the instincts of humanity,—love and hope. He tried to fol-

low them skyward, but every flight found ending in a grave. Every genius, every hero, every aspiration of heart or soul, found end of all its efforts in a grave. And when he asked Philosophy, what is beyond that dark valley, her contemplations became perplexed, her reasoning dubious, and when he must know to a certainty, she became dogmatic in her assumptions, and failing still to convince, retired.

He then asked Religion:—Is it so? And she gathered all humanity under the overshadowing wings of Faith. She rebuked Reason for his skepticism, and called on Love and Hope to awaken in his heart a spark of the saving Faith that never doubts, but clings and trusts. Having hushed the sting of doubt's dark fear by her confiding tenderness, she took him in spirit to One, who walked the seas of Gallilee of old, who seemed to be in the world only for the good he could do,—who healed the sick—gave sight to the blind—comforted the sorrowful and raised the dead to life;—whose voice the winds obeyed and the silent air made vocal said:—“This is my beloved son,”—who in sympathy for all men lived,—who stated that his mission was, when “the spirit of the Lord was upon him, he was annointed to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken hearted and to set the captives free; who died still loving all mankind, though suffering most at their hands,—who told them that his footsteps led through the dark valley to a better land beyond,—prepared for all,—a lasting and an eternal abiding place in the “many mansioned” home;—that there was there no tears or sorrow and that he was the way. And then Religion took him to a grave, and from its darkness, pointed to the light beyond, and showed him “the great white throne,” the New Jerusalem, where in the full light of God, on the sheen lit hills of

eternity, peace spread her white wings, and bid the weary wanderer rest among the green valleys of Paradise, in God's everlasting love. Standing by that grave, all horror vanished, and all that it seemed, was the gate which opened to the weary heart sweet rest. The pleasure of the thought made his heart overflowing speak:—

'Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon,
Beyond the farewells and the greeting
Beyond the pulse forever beating
I shall be soon."

"Beyond the past-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon,
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon."

So thus, when after years of fruitless and vain research, his mind like "the caged eagle beating his wings against the prison bars," returned it last like the wearied dove to the ark of Faith; knowing not a reason for seeking such haven, but feeling as by instinct that there alone, of all, was the pathway leading "beyond the stars." As age whitens deeper, the once raven locks upon his temples, he, with his consort, who never made such fruitless wanderings through skepticism and doubt, journeys on to meet life's end, thinking that through all the night will shine Hope's star. Reason and Doubt comes back again, and oft would woo him to once more return, and wander through their strange and dubious climes, but clinging firmly with his aged hands to a pillar of the temple of the unshaken Faith, he bids them speak, what further promise can they give of immortality beyond the grave. Thus baffled, Doubt and Reason speaks no more, and trusting firmly in Faith's

promise bright, they both await Death's coming as a messenger of joy. Thus ends life's journey in honored age. Then is the proud worth of honor and integrity made known. They both have earned that glorious coronal, and calm and serene at life's sombre evening, amid all its asperities and disappointments they speak each other their mutual consolations:

“Let us live, let us hope, let us trust,
For we live, it is life and we must;
Let us dream there's a land where the soul has command.
And the heart cannot moulder to dust.” *

*George W. Warder.



PRESS COMMENTS.

L. A. Martin possesses the true poetical genius of a great author.—*Chillicothe Tribune*.

His writings have given him a prominent place among the best writers of Missouri.—*Chillicothe Constitution*.

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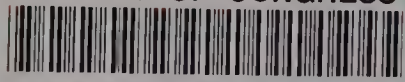
L. A. Martin, who bears the proud name of Chillicothes Poet Laureate is rapidly acquiring fame in the field of Books.—*Chillicothe Mail and Star*.

Mr. Martin and the writer, for a number of years have been firm friends, and during the time we have had occasion to note the marked literary ability he possesses.—*Dawn Clipper*.





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